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# CHARLEY MITCHELL'S GREAT FIGHT

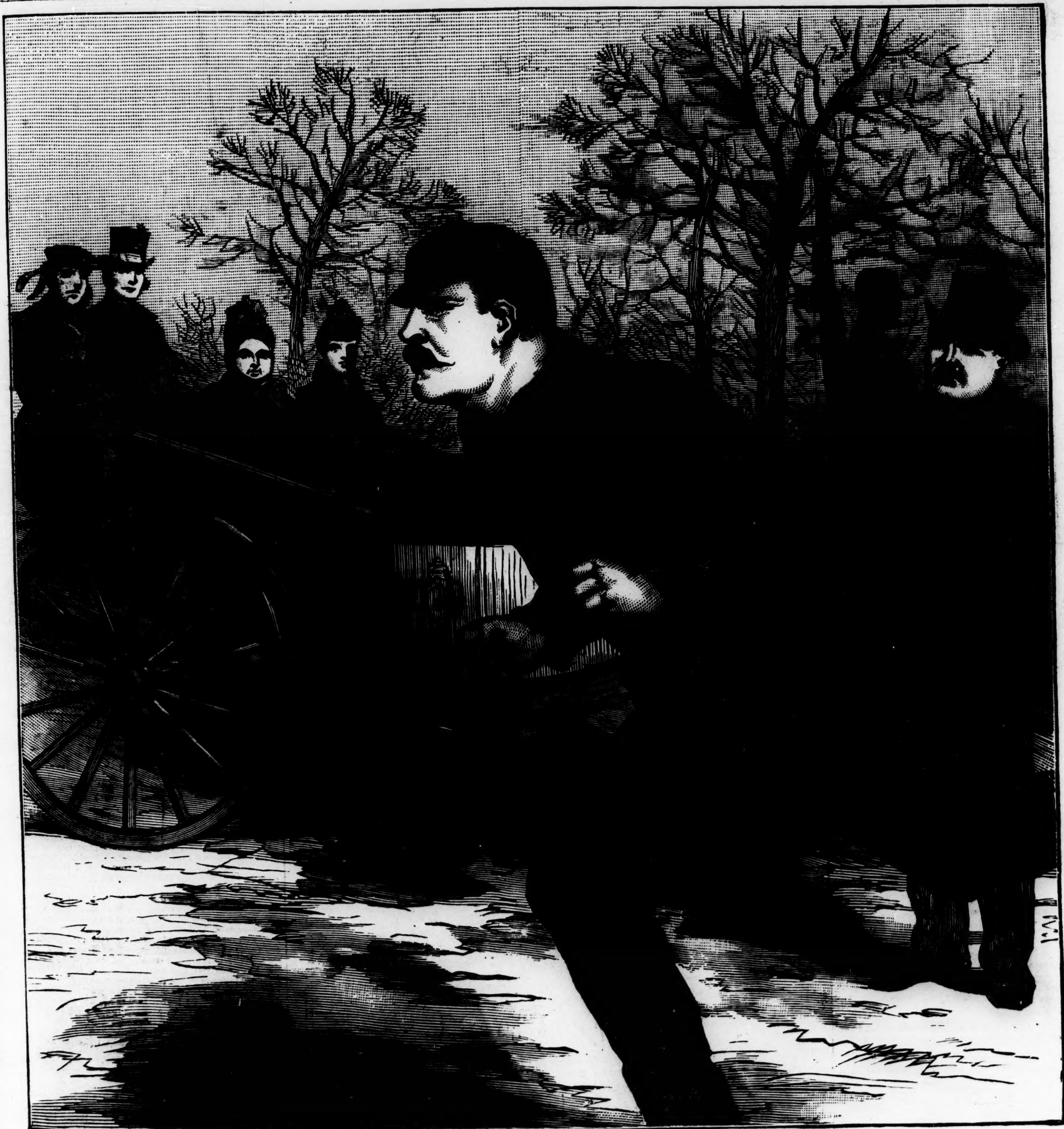
## THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE JOHN L'S DRAWN BATTLE THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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THE QUEEN ADMIRES THE BOSTON BOY.  
THE BIG AMERICAN BOXER FIGURES IN A NOTABLE INCIDENT IN WINDSOR PARK, ENGLAND.





RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1888.

**EXTRA**

**"OH! OH!"**

Official Report of the  
Great Fight by the  
"Police Gazette"  
Correspondent.

**EXCITING BATTLE**

John L. Sullivan Fails to  
Subdue the Plucky  
Little Briton.

**MITCHELL'S GREAT TRIUMPH.**

39 Hard-fought Rounds Lasting  
Over Three Hours and  
Eleven Minute

**SULLIVAN DEMORALIZED.**

The Boston Boy Used Up—Charley  
the Best Man at  
the Finish.

**A CLOSE CONTEST.**

[SPECIAL CABLE TO THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

PARIS, March 10.—The great prize ring encounter between John L. Sullivan, of Boston, U. S. A., ex-champion of America, and Charley Mitchell, of London, was fought on Baron Rothschild's training grounds near Chantilly to-day. The battle was not for the championship, but for £500 a side, according to London prize ring rules. The party arrived at the battle ground that had been selected by John Gideon at 11 A. M. Sullivan was in the pink of condition; so was Mitchell.

Since the great fistie encounter for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and championship of the world, between Jake Kilrain, America's champion, and Jem Smith, England's champion, which was decided on Island St. Pierre, France, on Dec. 19, 1887, the great topic in sporting circles in both hemispheres has been the coming match between Sullivan and Charley Mitchell, and the merits of the men and their respective individual prospects of conquest and defeat have been freely discussed.

After a long delay word was sent to the pugilists and their seconds that the ring was ready, with orders to hurry up.

Sullivan in the meantime was being rubbed down by Ashton and Barnett, and McDonald and Holske were pulling on the American's fighting togs, as McDonald called the American's long stockings, knee pants, etc.

Mitchell had not lost any time, but was already

dressed in his fighting costume, and sat down on a stool, while Jack Baldock was hard at work rubbing ground resin on his salmon-colored bunches of fives, which were soon to be used like a blacksmith uses a sledge-hammer to try and injure or stop the big muscular American from being able to

Mitchell won the toss for corners. Mitchell was laughing. He had won the toss for corner and put Sullivan's face to the wind and sun and later to the rain.

After the tossing for corners had been settled the seconds of the men at once began to arrange their respective men's toilets. The men's fighting shoes



KILRAIN TACKLED FOR TIPS.

conquer him.

Sullivan appeared to have too many over-anxious friends, and while the American appeared eager to at once enter the ring his attendants appeared to be in each other's way, so that when Harry Phillips said: "John, Mitchell is dressed, you had better hurry up." Sullivan said: "Give me a chance, you fellows, and I will be ready in a minute." At the same instant on went his knee pants and in a few seconds he was ready.

"I want to get in the ring first," said the American, "and I will be the last to leave it."

"Well," said Ashton, "we will go now."

The rain at this time was coming down in torrents,

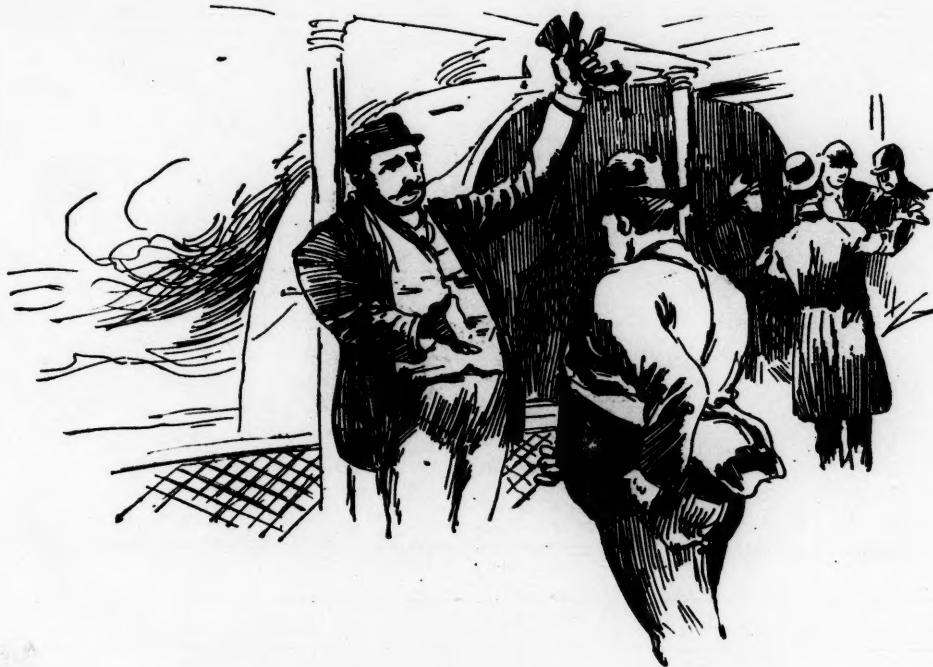
were examined and they were laced on and the corks again placed on them.

The seconds for Mitchell were Jack Baldock of London, who at one time was the greatest middle-weight pugilist in England, and Jake Kilrain, the "Police Gazette" champion of America. Baldock is considered the best second in England. He was Jem Smith's second in the recent championship of the world fight, and the tact and ability he displayed made Mitchell engage his services.

Sullivan was seconded by Jack Ashton and McDonald. Jack Barnett was Sullivan's umpire, while Charlie Rowell officiated in a similar position for Mitchell.

George B. Angle, the stock broker of London, was referee.

George W. Atkinson of the *Sporting Life* was not pres-



POOL SELLERS DO A LIVELY BUSINESS.

and the admirers of the pugilists became discouraged. Clothes were packed in valises, and Sullivan, looking like a towering Hercules, with a cap and big traveling rug wrapped round his shoulders, went to the ring. Ashton followed with a big tin can of water, while McDonald carried sponges, scraper, bottle of brandy and a pail. In a few minutes Sullivan shed his hat over the ropes, and then, amid a cheer, stepped through the ropes, and for the second time in his history stood on the turf in a 24-foot ring to battle according to the orthodox style.

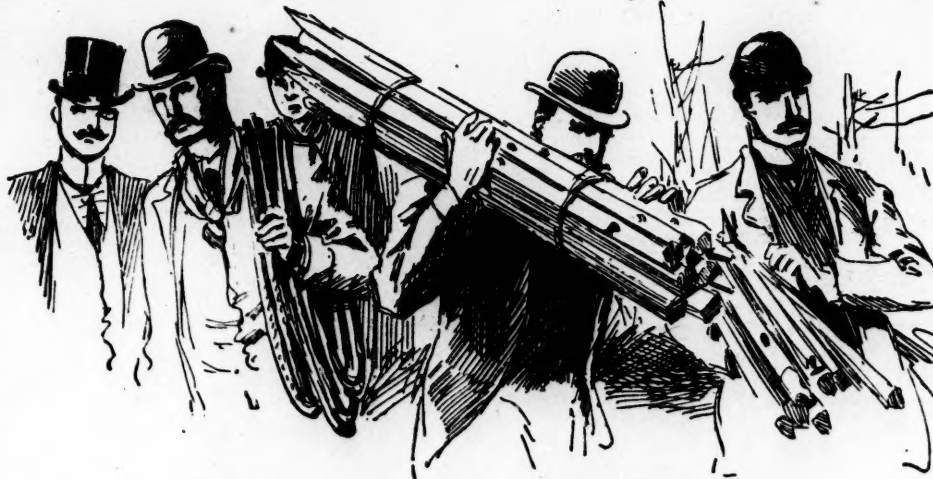
The suppressed cheer by those at the ring gave Mitchell and his party the signal that Sullivan had got into the ring, and Mitchell, going to Kilrain, said: "Now, Jake, my boy if I can stay as long as you did with Jem Smith I shall outwind the big fellow and

ent and neither was Jem Smith.

After all the preliminaries were arranged, Sullivan's colors, an American flag with a harp in one corner and a shamrock in another, with J. L. S. in Roman letters in the centre, were tied to the stake in the centre of the ring. Mitchell's colors were also tied to the same stake.

The referee then called time.

ROUND 1.—As the two men stood facing each other in the center of the ring the contrast in their height and appearance was most striking. Sullivan's tall and powerfully-built form towered high over the slighter but more elegant figure of his antagonist. But the condition of the latter was far superior; there was not an ounce of superfluous flesh on any part. But the muscles of his arms and shoulders as he stood watching his big muscular antagonist, every movement with his right guard close to his



THE RING BUILDERS WITH THE ROPES AND STAKES.

win."

Sullivan stepped into the ring at twenty-five minutes past twelve. In five minutes Mitchell followed. Sullivan wore his Stars and Stripes silk handkerchief, on the left hand corner of which is an Irish harp. The rest of his costume was the same as he has always worn in his exhibition fights. Mitchell was dressed as he always was in his exhibitions.

body and his left in regular play, ready to shoot in whenever opportunity offered or an opening appeared, showed like bundles forced under his fair almost transparent skin. Mitchell's loins, also his legs, were strong, firm and muscular and his entire appearance that of a man of the highest form of physical development and in the perfection of condition. Nothing could be more beautifully artistic than his position, equally ready for offensive or defensive operations, as opportunity presented or necessity demanded.

Sullivan, on the other hand, was a study for a sculptor. His round, close-cropped figure head, well shaped nose, thin, determined lips, roundly chiselled chin, and well formed neck were set upon a body divested of all its greatness. With arms of rare muscular development and legs of symmetrical beauty, he stood the very picture of an athlete.

Sullivan's position also was advantageous, but he evinced in every movement that his right hand was the "sheet anchor" on which he relied to conquer his antagonist and gain the victory. His form, compared with Mitchell, was herculean in its proportions, but his legs were not so large and muscular in their development as might have been expected from his greatness. He was in the pink of condition, and his bright eye, clear complexion, and firm, elastic step showed that he was in the perfection of health.

Sullivan's stand was not as artistic as Mitchell's, but he stood well, keeping his left and right alternately in motion.

Mitchell was more youthful in appearance, and as the two pugilists stepped in and out, sparring for an opening, Mitchell was more graceful and agile than the American, who appeared slow on his pins and evidently lacked the confidence that might have been expected in a pugilist of his calibre. He was wary and cautious of his youthful opponent. Great caution was observed on both sides, and both had evidently made up their minds to feel each other before hitting out.

Baldock now and again would shout:

"Keep your eye open, Charley; don't give him 'the darby,' yet, fiddle him lad. It is a long day."

When Sullivan would advance Mitchell would cleverly jump back. Sullivan then would advance again, and Mitchell, by Baldock's advice, would again step back.

At this juncture there was a yell from a Sullivan admirer:

"Come over, John, and let him follow you."

"It'll be a long fight, see if it ain't," remarked a well-known London sport.

Another, speaking to Pony Moore, said:

"The American is going to do your son-in-law in a round, Pony. I'm a beauty, but he is a 'jossie,'" (meaning Mitchell).

"Keep still, gentlemen," shouted Referee Angle, in a solemn voice, and after more feinting, dodging, backing and sparring, Sullivan made a rush at Mitchell, and a sharp exchange followed, the former hitting short and out of distance, while Mitchell countered the American with his left on the right cheek, which left its red, rosy mark.

"That's the way, Charley," shouted Kilrain. "Why, he is not able to fight half as well as I supposed. How is he going to do you, let alone me?"

"May I never go home," said Baldock; "Mitchell won't lose except by accident. Why, he can fight all round the Hamerican."

Mitchell tried to draw with his left, and the too artful Sullivan got home with his left on the cheek and with his right on the top of Mitchell's head. Mitchell got home with his left on the belly. Sullivan several times beautifully stopped Mitchell's left, and finally cornered Mitchell and knocked him down.

2.—Mitchell led off on Sullivan's eye and missed a return, but Sullivan presently landed his left on the cheek and closed. They separated without an attempt to wrestle, sparred a while, and closed again. Sullivan now rushed and hit Mitchell on the head with his right and gained first knock down.

3.—Mitchell hit out with the left at Sullivan's belly and closed. They broke away and Mitchell got home with his left on the mouth, but received one from Sullivan's right in return. Sullivan rushed, and landing with his left on the temple and his right on the jaw sent Mitchell down.

4.—Mitchell came up with a lump on the left temple. He led with his left on the belly. Long sparring followed. Mitchell frequently led, and was well stopped. Sullivan tried right and rushed. They clinched, but mutually drew away without wrestling. Sullivan looked able to do what he liked while holding Mitchell. Mitchell got home twice on the chest. Sullivan, waiting, rushed again. Mitchell cleverly slipped him, and the round ended by Sullivan getting home his right on Mitchell's left eye in a fast rally, which sent Mitchell down.

5.—Both sharp to time. Sullivan directly forced the fighting, and in a fast rally in the middle of the ring Mitchell clinched and then separated. After a short round Mitchell went down from a right.

6.—Sullivan was leading thus far. Mitchell opened with three left-handed shots on the body, and in the following exchange he had the worst of it, but stopped a heavy right at the belly, though he was finally downed by a blow on the cheek.

7.—Mitchell led with the left at the belly. Sullivan fell in the rally. Mitchell on him. Sullivan in all the rounds walked to his corner. Mitchell was generally carried.

8.—First blood to Mitchell. Mitchell got home several times on the belly, and avoided Sullivan's tremendous right, landed a terrific left-hander on the American's nose and drew first blood. After heavy exchanges Mitchell landed a hot one on the right eye and got down to avoid punishment.

9.—Sullivan got home with his right on Mitchell's neck. After a rally Mitchell's left met Sullivan's mouth, and then got home again on the ear. Sullivan landed twice with the left on the ear and temple. Mitchell went down from a right on the arm.

10.—Another smart round. Mitchell with a lump on his left temple and Sullivan's right eye bad. Sullivan, vicious, rushed at Mitchell, who got down.

11.—Mitchell got home twice with his left on the body. He was worked to his corner and got down to avoid punishment. The ground was slippery.

12.—Both were fresh. Sullivan boding a vicious rush, Mitchell fell without a blow. Claim of foul not allowed. Sullivan was savage. Mitchell repeatedly slipped him and finally went down to avoid punishment.

13.—Sullivan forced Mitchell home with his left on the body. Sullivan, waiting to use his right, finally sent Mitchell down with a right hander on the neck.

14.—Sullivan always serious, Mitchell laughing. A mild, harmless rush. Exchanges. Mitchell received one on the mouth, which was bleeding. Sullivan received one on the temple, and then sent Mitchell down with his right on the ear. Sullivan seemed winning.

15.—Mitchell did most of the work, but went down to avoid punishment.

16 to 29.—The utmost fairness was shown on both sides. It was at times most amusing to see them on closing and fibbing by consent separating in the most polite manner. Mitchell playfully tapping Sullivan. Much talking was done, usually followed with smack, smack, and a rush, Mitchell away laughing. Sullivan did not relish some of Mitchell's hits, but was gracious enough to acknowledge them—"That's a good one, Charley," and so on. Sullivan's right eye was getting in mourning and his lips were swelling, while Mitchell's temple had a big lump, but there was no blood from the latter. Sullivan's nose and lips trickled carmine. He would not have his mustache removed. When two hours and a half had elapsed, in the 37th round, a reference to Smith and Kilrain caused tittering, but John, looking serious, would not reply.

After the pugilists and the party left the battle ground gendarmes surrounded their carriages with drawn swords and bayonets and arrested the whole party, Jake Kilrain alone escaping. They were taken to Senlis. The magistrate before whom the party were taken, favorably impressed, told them they might go, and a great majority made straight for London without loss of time. Mitchell and Sullivan alone were sent back to their cells, and MacDonald and Blakelock, their trainers, were let out on promising to appear on this (Sunday) morning. At midnight your correspondent arrived at Senlis and went to the jail with a doctor, whose services proved to be sadly needed; both men were in a sad plight. They were in separate cells, cold and damp, without food and without covering to their beds. The French doctor, after short examination, threw his hands toward heaven and vowed the men had been trying to murder each other.

A FEW PRESS OPINIONS.

"Sullivan almost knocked out."—*N. Y. Daily News*, March 11.

"Sullivan's tremendous blows fail to knock out Mitchell."—*N. Y. World*, March 11.

"Oh, what a surprise!"—*N. Y. Journal*, March 11.

"Sullivan met him."—*N. Y. Star*, March 11.

Origin of the Great Battle.

In 1883 Charley Mitchell, after arriving in this country with the full-fledged title of champion boxer of



England, issued a challenge to meet all comers—and he did not bar even John L. Sullivan, who was then champion of America.

Mitchell's challenge was accepted by Mike Cleary of New York, a boxer of great renown; and the latter and Mitchell met in a four-round glove contest at the American Institute in New York city. The contest ended in Mitchell showing his supremacy over Cleary as was expected, and the signal victory he gained sent up his stock among the upper-ten class who admired pugilism and its champions.

One of Cleary's ardent admirers was John L. Sullivan, and the latter figured prominently at the Cleary and Mitchell contest, and made several disparaging remarks about the English champion.

Later, Mitchell, having defeated Cleary, looked for bigger game, and offered to either meet Sullivan in the arena according to London prize ring rules for \$2,500 a side or meet him in a glove contest. Sullivan accepted conditionally Mitchell's challenge, and a glove contest was arranged to be decided in Madison Square Garden, New York.

The contest attracted a tremendous crowd. In the first round Mitchell fairly knocked Sullivan down and in the two rounds that followed Sullivan had slightly the best of the affair. When the police stopped the battle Mitchell was ready to resume the contest, but the police would not permit the men to continue. Sullivan's friends claimed a victory, so did Mitchell's, and thus the affair ended.

Mitchell continued to challenge Sullivan to again meet him, but no match was arranged until May, 1884, when articles of agreement were signed for Sullivan and Mitchell to box four 3-minute rounds in June, 1884, at Madison Square Garden.

#### The Men Go Into Training.

After the arrangements were made the men went into training. Mitchell at Long Branch and Sullivan near Boston. Neither left any stone unturned to reduce their avoirdupois and render themselves fit and well for the ordeal of science, strength, and stamina they had to undergo.

On the day of what promised to be a great flat battle Mitchell arrived from his training quarters looking to be in the pink of condition and ready and willing to battle until he won or he was conquered. Sullivan also had done some very hard work training, but on his arrival in New York he indulged heavily in wine until he was not able to walk, let alone battle in a 24-foot ring in a contest which, according to the conditions, would last fifteen minutes.

All kinds of restoratives were given him, and by the evening he was in a far better mood than six hours previous. About \$12,000 had been taken in at Madison Square Garden by the sporting men who had journeyed from all parts of the country to witness the contest. At 9 o'clock Mitchell entered the ring dressed in his street attire, and stated that he was there ready to meet the champion, but the latter claimed he was sick.

Sullivan entered the roped arena and stood along side of Mitchell, and stated that the public must excuse him, as he was unable to meet Mitchell. This ended the match for the time being.

#### Mitchell's Second Visit to America.

In 1886 Mitchell, who had been in England, again returned to this country, older, taller and heavier, and again announced his willingness to again arrange a match with Sullivan. A meeting was held, and the two rivals for the third time were matched to box on July 5, on the Polo Grounds, New York. Again the public were disappointed, for the contest ended in another fiasco; but it was neither Sullivan's or Mitchell's fault, but the police, who would not allow Sullivan and Mitchell to box, because the manager of Sullivan, Patrick Sheedy of Chicago, had acted injudiciously.

Mitchell in the meantime returned to England, and boxed with Jim Smith, the English champion, until they had a dispute about who was the best man, and then Mitchell returned to this country. After his arrival he formed a partnership with Jake Kilrain, with Billy Madden as manager, and again offered to meet Sullivan.

Finally Kilrain took umbrage at remarks and un-called for taunts Sullivan made, and he challenged Sullivan to fight for the championship in the orthodox style for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and championship of America. Sullivan refused to meet Kilrain, and the latter was presented with the belt and declared champion of America.

#### Kilrain's Second Challenge to Sullivan.

Kilrain again issued a challenge to fight Sullivan or any man in the world for \$5,000 a side, the "Police Gazette" belt and the championship of the world. Jim Smith, who held the championship of England, accepted, and Mitchell decided, if the match was ratified, to train and second the new American champion.

Richard K. Fox went to England and put up \$5,000 to match Kilrain against Smith. Articles were signed, and before Kilrain's backer returned Mitchell, with Kilrain and Pony Moore, sailed on the Cunard steamer Aurania for England.

As soon as Sullivan ascertained that Kilrain and Mitchell had gone to England he decided that he would also go, and in November, 1887, with John Ashton and Harry Phillips, he left on the Cephalonia for Liverpool. On his arrival in England, Sullivan began to abuse Kilrain, Smith and Mitchell, and the latter came out in a challenge in the *Sporting Life* offering to fight Sullivan according to London prize ring rules for £500 or £1,000 sterling. Sullivan replied to Mitchell's challenge, and challenges and counter-challenges followed for nearly three weeks.

Finally Mitchell posted £500, or at least "Pony" Moore put up the money to back Mitchell at the *Sporting Life* office.

Sullivan refused to arrange any match at the *Sporting Life* office, but agreed to meet Mitchell at the *Sporting Life* office.

Mitchell continued to publish card after card in the *Sporting Life*, and the propositions were so fair that English sporting men began to think that Sullivan was afraid to arrange a match.

At the time Sullivan was boxing at the Aquarium with Jack Ashton, and the failure of Sullivan to stop the controversy injured his exhibitions, and the receipts of the box office began to dwindle so that Harry S. Phillips insisted that Sullivan had better arrange a match with Mitchell, and he agreed to do so.

Finally Mitchell was notified that Harry S. Phillips would meet him with his backer at the Aquarium to arrange the match. After receiving the notification, Mitchell, with George W. Moore and William E. Harding, the sporting editor of THE POLICE GAZETTE, were driven to the Aquarium. A tremendous crowd of sporting men were present.

#### Meeting to Arrange the Match.

I give the story of the meeting as it was told by the editor of the *Sporting Life*, who was present, and though rather long it is worth publishing to show the feelings of the rivals towards each other.

After a great deal of paper warfare, John L. Sullivan, of the United States, and Charles Mitchell, of London, have at length come to terms, and have matched themselves to fight for £500 a side to settle the question of natic supremacy. A private meeting between the two men and their followers was held in a room in the West-end to draw up articles, and arrange all details of the business. Among those present were the two prin-

Mr. Phillips—We don't want a foot race. We want to fight.

Mitchell—I will give him all he wants.  
Mr. Phillips—You must remember that Sullivan is not training, and if he fights, as you have suggested, in a week, you will have him at a great disadvantage in a 24-foot ring.

Mitchell—I don't want to fight in a week. He can have



MITCHELL BIDS ADIEU TO HIS WIFE.

cipals, Mr. H. S. Phillips, Mr. "Pony" Moore, Mr. W. E. Harding, of the New York POLICE GAZETTE, Mr. H. Bull, Mr. W. D. Moreton, Mr. Ed. C. Holske, Mr. J. W. Barnett, Mr. J. Fleming, Mr. A. Allison (The *Sporting Life*), Mr. R. Watson, and representatives of the New York *Herald*, and the New York *Sun*. The business was not got through without a good deal of ill-feeling being displayed on the part of both competitors, who are evidently very much in earnest. In opening the proceedings Mr. Phillips, the backer of John L. Sullivan, said:

"We are here to make a match, and I presume we had better proceed to business at once and get it through."  
Mitchell—That is so. I am ready and willing.  
Mr. Phillips—What is the match to be for?

his own time.

Sullivan—I don't want to give you a chance to advertise yourself.

Mitchell—I don't want to get an advertisement out of you, that is certain.

Sullivan—No; and you don't want to fight.

Mitchell—I do; and I only want to knock you out and show you up.

At this point the pair began to "talk" to each other in a very angry manner, and in the upshot Sullivan said: "If you will jump into a back with me I will fight you at once." "Right," said Mitchell, and the pair rushed to the door together. Happily wiser counsels prevailed, and the men were at length by force and persuasion induced to return.



CROWD ON THE PIER WATCHING THE DEPARTURE OF THE PUGILISTS.

Mitchell—Not less than £500 a side.  
J. L. Sullivan—Make it for more if you like.  
Mitchell—That is quite enough; satisfaction is all I want. I don't care about the money.

Sullivan—You will get all the satisfaction you want.  
Mitchell—We shall, and perhaps a bit for you.  
Mr. Phillips—But we want to get to business. How is the fight to be conducted?

Several people present said that it should be fought under the new London prize ring rules, and to this the American party assented.

Mr. Phillips—How many people on each side?

Mitchell—Not more than ten, including the seconds.

Mr. Phillips—All right.

Mr. Holske—Under these rules men cannot fall without a blow.

Mitchell, however, still said he would not agree to a 16-foot ring, and Sullivan was equally determined.

Mr. Holske tried to pour oil on the troubled waters by pointing out that Sullivan had given way to everything. He had consented to fight within a week, and, apart from that, any engagement to fight would clash with all their fixtures.

Mitchell—I don't want to spoil your fixtures. I would sooner fight him when he is fit.

Sullivan complained that Mitchell was doing all he could to spoil his displays in England.

Mitchell—You have only yourself to blame.

Sullivan—I never challenged you; I came here to fight the winner of the Smith-Kilrain fight.

Mitchell—You tried to run down Kilrain, and said you hoped that he—who is your countryman—would



MITCHELL, KILRAIN AND FLEMING.

Mr. Moore—That is so.

Some discussion followed, and Mr. Phillips said, "We will fight in a 16-foot ring," but Mitchell entered a firm protest, and said "No; 24 feet."

Sullivan—I will only fight in a 16-foot ring.

Mitchell—And I will only fight in a 24-foot ring.

get beaten.

Sullivan—I will bet you £500 I never said anything of the kind.

Mitchell—Well, you were reported to have said so.

Sullivan—Well, I'll bet you I never did.  
After a long and desultory conversation Mr. Phillips

said that sooner than there should be no fight Sullivan should meet Mitchell in a 24-foot ring, and he would agree with Mitchell on a date which should be kept secret. Mr. Phillips and Mitchell then retired, and upon their return it was announced that a date had been mutually agreed upon. It was further announced that a date had been named which would not clash with the Smith-Kilrain match. Articles of agreement were then drawn up by the *Sporting Life* representative. By these Mr. H. Bull was selected as stakeholder, and £100 a side were posted in his hands. It was decided that the match should be fought at a place to be named at the time of the final deposit; the fight to be brought off at least six miles from Whitehall, and not more than 1,000 miles from London. The names of several gentlemen were suggested for the unthankful post of referee, and the matter will be decided by drawing the names from a hat and tossing for the choice of first "dip." At the close of the business the health of both men was toasted in a bumper, and Mr. Phillips explained that all he wanted was a fair fight. If Mitchell succeeded in beating Sullivan, he should think far more of the Englishman than he should think of Sullivan if he beat Mitchell, because he looked upon it as a foregone conclusion that Sullivan would win.

In contrast with other boxers, Jim Smith pursues the even tenor of his way, working like a horse to get into condition. He at least means business seriously, and his conduct reflects the highest credit on him and his manager and adviser, Mr. Hewing. Jim is so highly thought of that if he wanted a match with Sullivan for £500 a side the money would be forthcoming in a couple of hours.

After the match was ratified it was the gossip among the clubs and sporting drums in London, Manchester, Liverpool and Birmingham. "Red Dragon" wrote as follows concerning the affair: Mitchell is well aware that Harry Bull, better known as Chippy Norton, broke up the Smith and Greenfield fight when the Birmingham boxer, whom he backed, was losing, and that he spent over £100 to defray the expenses of George Probert and twenty men from Birmingham to Chantilly to see that if Greenfield did not win that he should not lose, and Mitchell informed me at the Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet street, a few days ago, that he would have plenty of good men in his corner on the day of the fight to see that he received fair play.

In conversation this week Mitchell said: "People seem to think that Sullivan is sure to do me; then I am such a little fellow. I take the chances; but never mind. When Sullivan hits me you'll see white blackbirds in O'Connell street. The money will be all right." If Mitchell even has the misfortune to stand before Sullivan, we opine it will not be white blackbirds he will see, but a constellation of stars large enough to fill several firmaments. No one knows this better than Mr. Mitchell, the newspaper fighter.

Sullivan, with Chippy Norton behind him, will receive fair play, although Mitchell has engaged Jack Baldock, Frank Harper and twenty of the best "rousters" in London to accompany him to the fight.

I met Charley Rowell at the Empire recently, and he said that after the Sullivan and Mitchell match he will be ready to enter a six-day go-as-you-please race for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and a sweepstakes of £250 or £500 a side and the go-as-you-please championship of the world, either in England or New York.

Mitchell was to go into training on Jan. 30 at Lord Sandy's estate, at Chertsey. He occupies the same training quarters that Kilrain had when he was training for his now historic battle with Jim Smith for \$10,000, the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, and the championship of the world.

Billy Mitchell (Charley's brother) and Charley Rowell will train Mitchell until Kilrain has filled numerous engagements that he has made with Jim Smith to appear at numerous towns and cities in England, when the American champion will assist the famous British boxer to put on the finishing touches. Kilrain has also agreed to act as one of Mitchell's seconds, in conjunction with Jack Baldock, and Charley Rowell will be his umpire.

Mitchell stands 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in height and weighs 185 pounds. He states that he will fight at 12 stone 2 pounds, or 170 pounds. Mitchell, when he met Sullivan in Madison Square Garden, only weighed 150 pounds. He claims that his weight on that occasion was 143 pounds, but this hardly seems true.

During Kilrain's training, Mitchell went through the same course of training as the American champion, from which he will derive a great benefit while preparing for his encounter with the world-renowned Sullivan. It must be understood that Mitchell has gained muscle and sinew since he first met Sullivan, he is older, and besides a great deal heavier and more muscular. Besides, he is to fight the American pugilist according to the new rules of the London prize ring, in which rough wrestling forms one of the leading features, and at which game Mitchell is a great expert.

It was Mitchell who taught Kilrain, the American champion, how to avoid cross-buttock and back-heal, so that taking Kilrain's great exploits and splendid exhibitions of wrestling with Jim Smith, England's champion, on the Island of St. Pierre, on Dec. 19, 1887, as a sample of Mitchell's wrestling ability, for he can easily throw Kilrain, and has done so time and again, this will be one advantage in his favor when he meets Sullivan in the orthodox 24-foot ring in March.

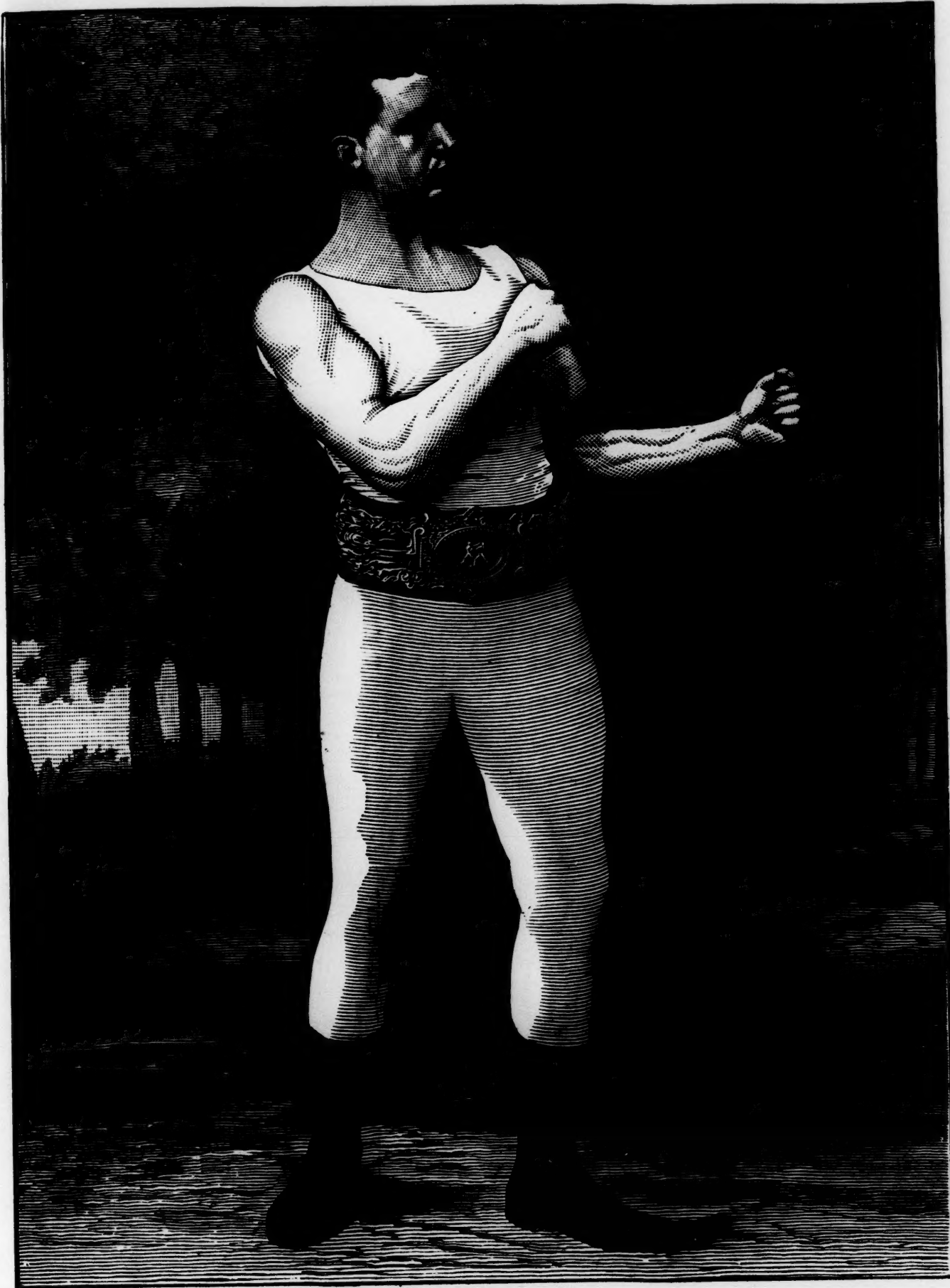
Again, Mitchell understands the new rules of the London prize ring thoroughly, which is another advantage in his favor.

Sullivan, I understand by American prize ring statistics, has only fought once according to London prize ring rules and that was six years ago in his match with Paddy Ryan, and then, I understand by American sporting authorities, he came near losing the fight by a foul by striking Ryan while the latter had one knee on the ground. Looking at the height, weight, and splendid muscular development of Sullivan, compared with Mitchell, I would suppose that with Sullivan's great strength and his tremendous hitting powers he should easily defeat Mitchell. He probably would if the battle was to be decided with gloves according to Queensberry rules; but, as the battle is to be fought according to the new London prize ring rules, Mitchell, although shorter in stature and less in avoirdupois than Sullivan, with his wonderful wrestling abilities, his great pluck and science and the tactics he is going to pursue, will result on the day of the battle in Mitchell's chances of winning, barring a knock-out blow.

I learn Arthur Cooper, Charley White (the Duke's Motto) and Jack Percival are already hoisting Mitchell's colors, and with such staunch supporters of the prize ring behind Mitchell there is every likelihood that in March will be fought one of the greatest battles of the age.

Many of the English critics place their doubts on Sullivan's being able to train as he should do. He weighed 200 pounds when he began work at Windsor on Jan. 23, and he will have to be put through a severe

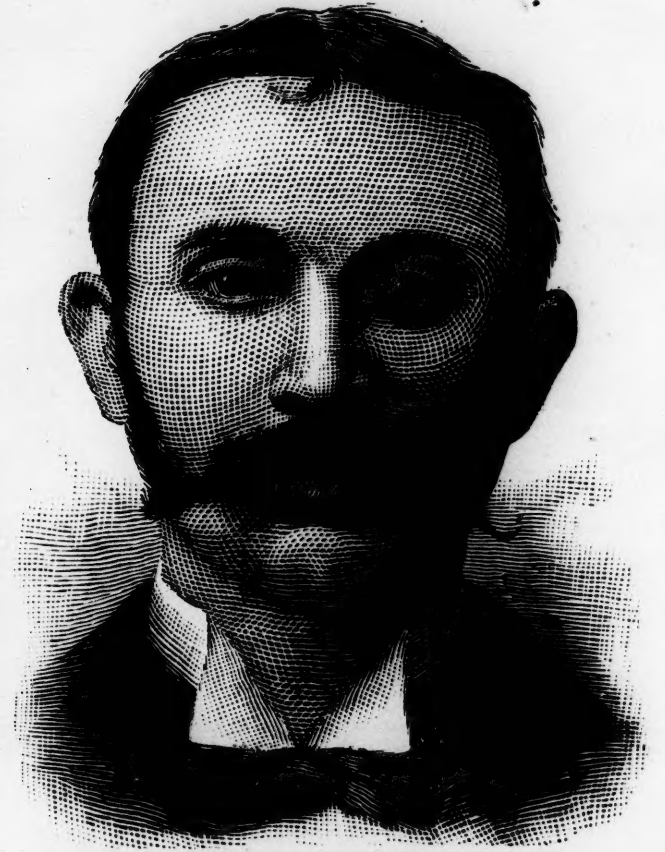




DANDY CHARLEY MITCHELL,  
ENGLAND'S PRIDE, WHO MADE THE ONLY JOHN L. SQUEAL, "ENOUGH! HOLD!"



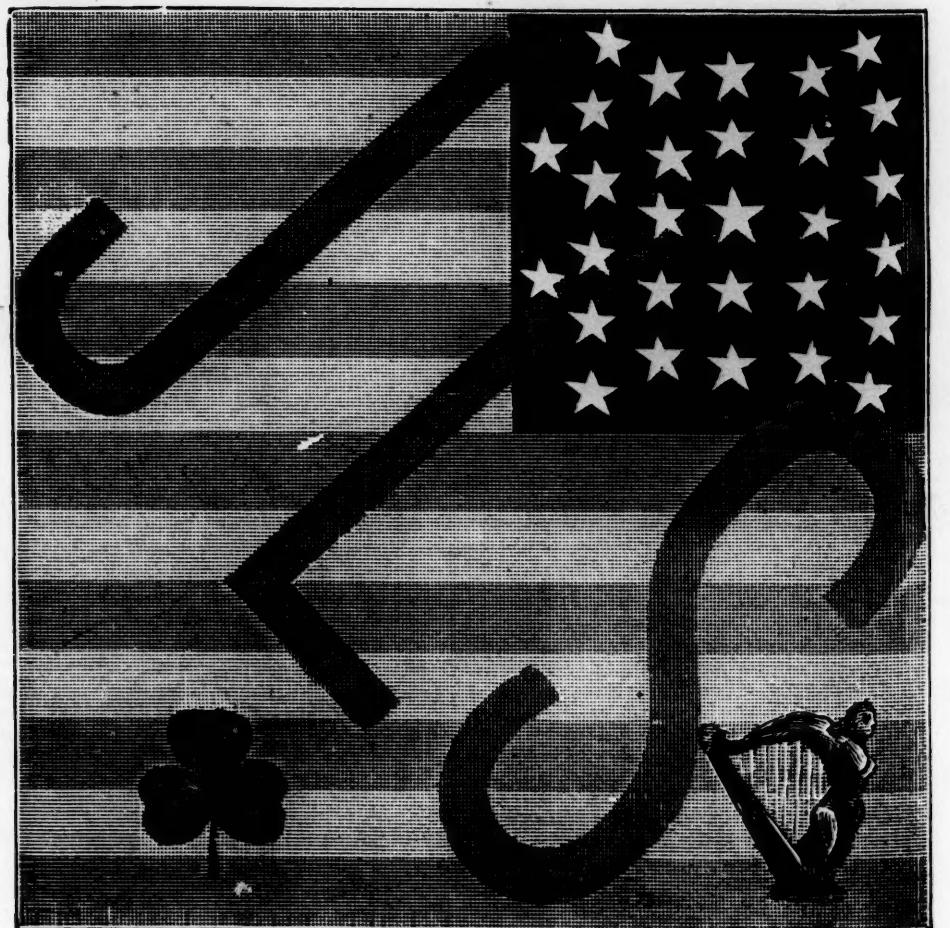
JACK ASHTON,  
A FAMOUS PUGILIST OF PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, JOHN  
L. SULLIVAN'S PRINCIPAL TRAINER.



GEORGE McDONALD,  
OF ENGLAND, THE CELEBRATED TRAINER WHO HAD CHARGE OF  
THE GREAT AMERICAN BOXER, JOHN L. SULLIVAN.



JOHN W. BARNETT,  
NOTED SPORTING MAN OF BOSTON AND TREASURER OF THE SULLIVAN  
COMBINATION NOW ON A TOUR THROUGH ENGLAND.



SULLIVAN'S COLORS.  
HE MEETS ENGLAND'S CHAMPION BOXER BEDECKED WITH THE EMBLEM OF  
HIS COUNTRY HE SO GREATLY HONORS.





JAKE KILRAIN,  
MITCHELL'S SECOND IN HIS GREAT FIGHT WITH  
JOHN L. SULLIVAN.



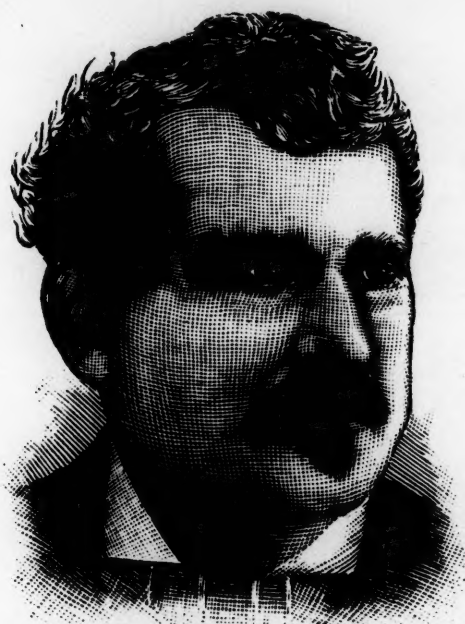
GEORGE W. ATKINSON,  
OF THE "SPORTING LIFE," LONDON, WELL-  
KNOWN ENGLISH SPORTING AUTHORITY.



SAM BLAKELOCK,  
ONE OF SULLIVAN'S TRAINERS FOR HIS MATCH  
WITH CHARLEY MITCHELL.



ROBERT WATSON,  
OF LONDON "SPORTING LIFE," WELL-KNOWN  
SPORTING MAN AND REFEREE.



GEORGE W. MOORE,  
BETTER KNOWN AS "PONY," FATHER-IN-LAW  
AND BACKER OF CHARLEY MITCHELL.



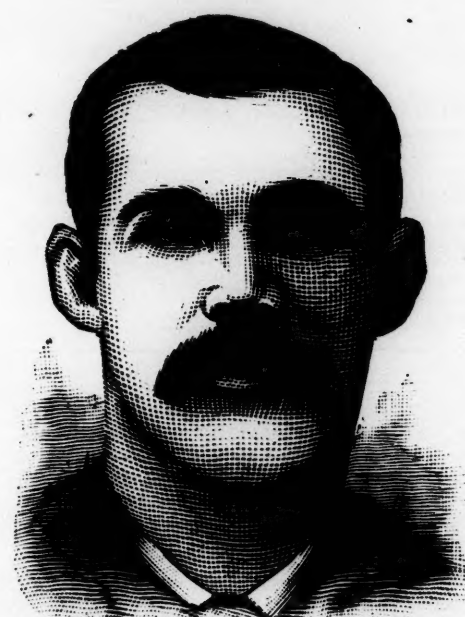
DOMINICK McCAFFREY,  
A WELL-KNOWN BOXER OF PITTSBURGH, PA.,  
WHO WENT TO SEE THE GREAT FIGHT.



HARRY S. PHILLIPS,  
OF MONTREAL, CANADA, BACKER AND MANAGER  
OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN.



JEM SMITH,  
ENGLAND'S CHAMPION FUGILIST WHO WANTS TO  
FIGHT THE BIG AMERICAN.



SYLVIE GOOKIN,  
A FAMOUS OARSMAN NOW IN LONDON, AND A  
WARM FRIEND OF SULLIVAN.



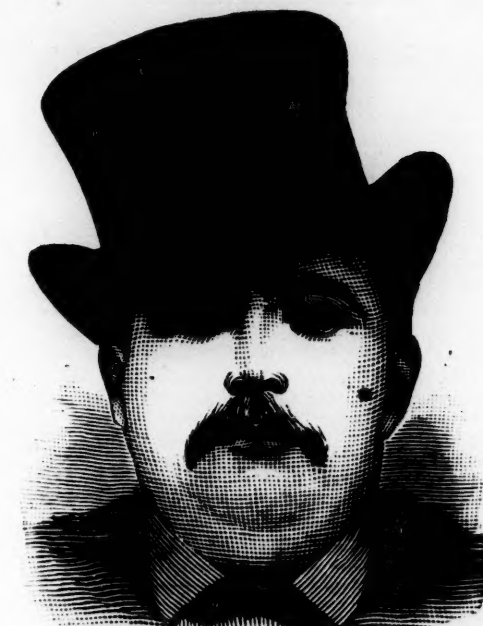
JOHN PERCIVAL,  
OF LONDON, ENG., FAMOUS SPORTING MAN AND  
BACKER OF NOTED FUGILISTS.



JACK BALDOCK,  
OF LONDON, ENGLAND, CHARLEY MITCHELL'S  
SECOND IN THE GREAT MATCH.



JOHN FLEMING,  
BACKER OF JEM SMITH IN HIS FIGHT WITH  
JAKE KILRAIN.



HARRY BULL,  
STAKEHOLDER IN THE SULLIVAN-MITCHELL  
INTERNATIONAL PRIZE FIGHT.



WM. J. KENDALL,  
ONE OF SULLIVAN'S SUPPORTERS IN THE GREAT  
MATCH WITH MITCHELL.



EDWARD C. HOLSKA,  
OF BOSTON, MASS., ONE OF JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S  
RECENT TRAINERS.



HENRY SHOLTO DOUGLAS,  
MARQUIS OF QUEENSBERRY, A GREAT PATRON  
OF ALL ATHLETIC SPORTS.



## MITCHELL AND SULLIVAN.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THREE.]

course of training to reduce himself to fighting weight (185 pounds).

Sullivan recently informed me that he needed no training; that he can whip Mitchell off the reel, with a shave and a shampoo, but his backer insists on his training; but it goes against the grain to do such hard work. One thing I am certain of, that Sullivan, to be able to conquer Mitchell, will have to train late and early, and if he fails and hoodwinks his trainers he will find his mistake when it is too late.

Mitchell is very slow to speak of his pending match with John L. Sullivan, and last night on the steamer he expressed again his great confidence of obtaining a victory over the "slugger." "I think," said Mitchell, "I can do him easily. He is no fighter, and believe me I'll astonish the public he has so splendidly gulled. I start into training in the first week in February, and Jake Kilrain will look after me as I looked after him. He will second me, so no one need fear I'll get licked for want of a good second. I will train at Jake's old quarters, and will step into the ring something over 12 stone. People seem to think that Sullivan is sure to do me, and they say that I am such a little fellow, I take a great chance. Well, never mind, when Sullivan licks me you'll see white blackbirds in O'Connell street. The money will be all right, and I'll be all right, as Sullivan will know."

### Sullivan's Movements.

After the match was arranged Sullivan and his combination gave exhibitions throughout England, and finally settled down in his training quarters at the Royal Adelaide Hotel, Windsor, England, under the watchful eye of E. C. Holske, Jack Ashton, and George McDonald.

Sullivan weighed 210 pounds when he began training, but hard work soon reduced his weight.

The following is the way the great pugilist trained, described by "Red Dragon," the Police Gazette special correspondent:

I recently paid a visit to Sullivan's training quarters. He is at present in strict training at Windsor, where he is located in Harry Bull's Royal Adelaide Hotel. I was immensely surprised at the change in the appearance of the American, as since his last appearance in public nearly two stone of superfluous flesh had given place to hardy muscle. With an eye as bright as a star John L. greeted me cordially, at the same time extending a hand already hard with strong exercise at the ball. The following is J. L.'s daily work generally: Rising at 6:30, a cold salt water bath was taken, and following a rub-down the champion dressed and was out about 7 o'clock. A heavy flannel is worn under a blue jersey, over which is donned a comfortable pilot jacket, giving free play to the lower limbs. Sullivan, accompanied by his trainer, George Macdonald, Sam Blakelock, and Ashton, take a walk of three miles, the return journey, during which two or three 100 yards are indulged in, being accomplished at a good brisk pace, the party reaching home at about 8:15. Another vigorous application of rough towels then takes place, and about 8:30 a hearty breakfast, consisting of chops, watercress, and dry bread is partaken of.

At 9:30 "Time" is called, and out again the party turns for a walk, say to Maidenhead, thirteen miles out and home, with sweaters on, giving the champion an excellent appetite for dinner. The Royal Adelaide is sighted about 12:15, and, divesting himself of his clothing, Sullivan again takes the water, and, after being well rubbed down with towels and a prepared lotion, the dumbbells are used for close upon three-quarters of an hour. This brings about dinner time—1:30—the meal consisting of soup, chicken, a little rice pudding and home made currant bread, the whole washed down by a cup of tea. A rest of an hour follows, after which the road is again taken, eight miles being knocked off ere the party return. Then the champion throws off his garments and sets to work, punching a suspended football, which is sent here and there with lightning rapidity, the force and quickness of Sullivan's delivery being truly remarkable. Perspiration naturally follows this exercise, therefore the rubbing process is again indulged in, this with a little rest bringing about tea time, 5:30.

Starting again at seven o'clock, a stroll of six or seven miles is taken, and with a supper consisting chiefly of gruel, Sullivan, once more rubbed down, lands between the sheets at 10 P. M. From the above it will be seen that Sullivan is rapidly getting into condition for his bout with Mitchell, and whether the latter enters the ring or not it is certain the Yankee will be there fit and well. George Macdonald, who is faithfully looking after his charge, says John L. is a wonderfully good worker, and does whatever is asked him without a murmur. "With some weeks left yet for preparation, Sullivan is well forward in his work. The Bostonian, in addition, is in capital spirits, and wonderfully confident in the result of any encounter he may have to engage in.

On the last day Sullivan trained, "Red Dragon" made another visit to the great John L.'s quarters, and the following is what he says:

That the champion's appetite was still what it should be I soon found out, and after an excellent repast Geo. Macdonald took his charge in hand. A couple of mysterious bottles were brought out, and a mixture from one applied for nearly a quarter of an hour to the champion's face for the purpose of hardening the skin. Next the darker liquid was brought into play, another quarter of an hour being spent in rubbing the hands and wrists.

Sullivan, who was in excellent spirits, then entered freely into conversation, and amused all present by relating with great pith and humor several anecdotes of his early career.

Said John L., in reply to a query: "The first man I ever met on the stage with gloves was a big fellow named Scannell, weighing some 14 stone. This was at Dudley Hall in the Highlands, Boston, where I was born. As it happened, Scannell was billed to spar with a fellow who at the last moment turned tail. No one could be found to fill his place until the M. C., spying me in a seat, called for me to spar. This for a time I refused to do, but at last the spectators kicked up such a shindy that I took off my coat and undervest, and, donning the gloves, got on the platform. The people cheered, and the M. C. began to introduce us, but before he could do so Scannell sprang on me ere I knew anything about it, and, letting go right and left, sent me with a bang up against the ropes. I hardly knew what to think about it, but the big 'un continuing to pepper me, I dodged round and cast about. In came Scannell again, but ducking, I got him with his back to

the orchestra, and as he once more rushed in I timed him with the right, and sending it well home, Scannell went through the ropes off the stage like a shot, and alighting on the piano in the orchestra, broke nearly every key in the instrument."

Reporter—This gave you a name, I suppose?

Sullivan—Yes, I guess it did, and a liking for the game also.



THE VOYAGE OVER THE CHANNEL MAKES MITCHELL DREADFULLY SICK.

Reporter—It has been reported in the papers that you were only allowed to spar on several occasions on the express condition that you refrained from hard hitting.

Sullivan—That is so. In the States you have to get a license, costing \$40, for a boxing entertainment, and I have had many a time to stand down to enable the show to proceed. The magistrate would say to the applicant, "Well, who is in your lot; is that John Sullivan going on?" Sometimes they would say "Yes" and sometimes "No," but generally to the former it used to be "We can't have John Sullivan here, he'll be killing somebody," and then I'd stand down.

In this manner time slipped by until Sullivan was

to perfection. Utilising all his weight, John L. sends every ounce of his fist into the blow, and as Macdonald remarked, "A man would be very greedy to want two such hits." For three-quarters of an hour I stood and watched this part of the programme, and when all was over I had a feeling of satisfaction at knowing I had no quarrel with a man who possesses the finest right I ever saw brought into play.

More walking, rubbing down and tea followed, during which Sullivan told me he hardly knew what training was until in England, and that he never felt so well in all his life. Sullivan will step into the ring as near 14st. as possible, as fit as hands can make him, and moreover confident as a man who has never known defeat can possibly be.

### Opinions Regarding Sullivan.

The following are the opinions of noted patrons of sports gathered since Sullivan arrived in England: H. R. H. the Prince of Wales—Sullivan is the cleverest I ever saw. His form and physique cannot be surpassed.



SULLIVAN GETS SOME POINTS FROM HIS TRAINER, JACK ASHTON.

due to "punch the ball." This was a new one, the other having been used up with a smashing right-hander.

Making his way to the rear of the Royal Adelaide, Sullivan, having donned an extra jersey, took up his position in front of a football suspended by a cord from the ceiling. Impressed as I was with the quickness of the American on a previous visit, the improvement noticeable yesterday was simply marvelous. Hitting the ball is one thing, and avoiding the rebound is another, and the lightning-like rapidity with which the sphere was sent to the ceiling and met again and again, or evaded, showed a power of blow and quickness of eye truly remarkable. Sullivan with the gloves on at the Aquarium or St. James's Hall, and Sullivan

Sir J. D. Astley—I've seen enough to convince me that Sullivan can whip anybody. Marquis of Queensberry—I have never seen a big man so clever and active.

John Bull—I've followed the "game" for thirty years and backed some of the best men that ever entered a twenty-four foot ring. Sullivan can beat anything I have seen for years, and well Smith and Kilrain know it. I stake £5,000 any time Sullivan has a "cut" that he gets there.

C. H. Ashley, of Ashley & Smith, proprietors of the Sportsman—He can beat them all. Smith is only a side show alongside of John L., and he knows it, too.

Arthur Magnus—It is all nonsense for any one to question Sullivan's superiority. I have seen John



DETECTIVES ON THE LOOK OUT FOR SMITH.

practising on an imaginary opponent at Windsor, are two entirely distinct persons. Eight or ten times in succession the ball was sent with terrific force by means of a punch from the left. Then a crashing blow delivered with the other hand threatened to bring ceiling, ball, and rafters down upon us. Sullivan's terrible right has been much talked of, and yesterday I saw it

enough to satisfy me that he can "do" Smith, Mitchell, and Kilrain in a day.

Fred Atherton—The public are the most competent judges as to who holds the palm. Sullivan would beat them all as easy as a thoroughbred would run away from a donkey.

George McDonald—My father trained and seconded

John C. Heenan against Sayers. He has handled or backed scores of noted fighters of the old school, and was conceded to know a fighter when he saw one. I've a faint recollection of the old school, and have traced the champions of all weights for over twenty years. Sullivan outclasses the lot in my estimation, and should handle Mitchell like a child.

John Fleming—I'll let Smith box Sullivan four rounds in public, but John must first sign a paper that there shall be no knocking out business before it is a go.

Jem Mace, retired champion of the world—There never was such a man born as Sullivan, because he can whip any man I ever saw.

Bat Mullins—Sullivan has popularized boxing, and is the only acknowledged champion.

George Probert—Kilrain, Smith and Mitchell make me tired. They are impostors. Sullivan can whip one after the other in a day.

George Mountford—It is ridiculous for anybody to think of meeting Sullivan.

Manager De Pinnó, of the Royal Arcadium—He is the greatest man I ever saw. The terms I have given him are sufficient proof of my opinion. I am ready to make the same arrangements over again.

Bob Habbijam—It is a pound to a penny on Sullivan doing Mitchell.

Alf Greenfield—Let some of the "big 'uns" go against Sullivan for a round or two. I've been there.

Tug Wilson—The wind from a swinging right used to floor me.

Harry Fletcher—Kilrain shows good sense in keeping quiet on the Sullivan business. The big fellow will whip any of them for years to come.

Hon. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill)—John can tie one hand behind his back and then whip any of the heavy-weights.

J. H. Jewell (Tam O'Shanter)—The big 'un is as good as the American people claim him to be.

A. Allison, Editor of the Sportsman—I'm afraid Sullivan will have to go back without a fight with Smith.

John Williams—Smith will never fight, and I'll believe Mitchell means it after he enters the ring and shakes hands.

### Final Arrangements.

The final deposit and the arrangements for the match were made at the Blenheim, London, on Feb. 28. Among those present were Jack Harper and his steady pal, Hawkins; Bobby Habbijam, John Nichols, Capt. Jinks, Count De Lury, John Dunbar, T. W. Brown, the Sullivan, George Locke, Charley White, the "Duke's Motto," John Percival, E. C. Wells, Shirley Brooks, George Allison, Jack Baldock and others of less note. After waiting for half an hour, in came Charley Mitchell, followed by Jake Kilrain, the American champion, who has greatly increased his avoirdupois, Charley Rowell, Jean Stratton and George W. Moore. Mitchell and Kilrain were the centre of attraction, and after it was known that they had arrived a tremendous crowd gathered, and it increased until it was all the police could do to keep the thoroughfare from being blocked. Sullivan had not arrived, and many supposed that the American would not be on hand to put up the money, but their fears were in a measure soon dispelled, for George Probert, Harry Bull, dressed like a Seven Dial sport, with a broad-brimmed hat and wearing a top coat covered with sealskin, strutted in, followed by Jack Barnett and Edward Holske, of Boston.

Harry Bull at once opened the business by stating that Sullivan was not going to leave his training, but that he was up at Windsor, yet his two friends, pointing to Messrs. Barnett and Holske would represent him in a business way.

Mitchell said "We are here," and "Pony" Moore joined in and said, "So is our money." The parties interested then retired to a private room to carry out their plans. In the meantime Jem Mace, Geo. B. Angle, Chas. Dunning, and another delegation of choice spirits arrived to ascertain if the match would go on, or if either would wrangle or forfeit. A long and angry discussion followed at the meeting. It was claimed by Mitchell that Harry Bull, the stakeholder was Sullivan's backer, and he objected to him being stakeholder, but Mitchell's objection was useless, for the articles of agreement specified "that if either failed to go on with the match at the posting of the final £400 should forfeit the £100 a side already posted with the stakeholder."

Mitchell, after consulting with his father-in-law, said he did not care about forfeiting the £100 up—it was not the amount, but if he did so he would never have another chance of meeting Sullivan, and it was worth five times the amount to have the chance of doing so.

Finally Mitchell said, "Chippy, I know it is your money I am fighting against, and Sullivan is your man. If I win I know you won't pay over the stakes, but I will have the pleasure of trying to prove Sullivan can not fight, and that he made his reputation by whipping stuffs in America."

Harry Bull said, "I am not backing Sullivan. Harry S. Phillips is his backer, and you need not be afraid I will do anything wrong."

Mitchell replied, "No, you would do nothing wrong. Everybody in Birmingham knows that, Chippy." Then, turning to Pony Moore, Mitchell put up the "hoof" (which means money). "Pony, we will give them a fight," he said.

George W. Moore said, "Yes; here is the money," and counted out eight £50 Bank of England notes.

Barnett, who represented Sullivan, then put down the same amount, and that made the whole of the stakes, £500 a side. A wrangle followed about the battle ground, and Barnett proposed that Harry Bull should name the place.

Kilrain said, "I thought you had to toss for it, Charley?"

Mitchell replied, "That is what the articles say."

Barnett said, "I guess not."

The protocol was produced and read, and a clause in them proved that Kilrain and Mitchell was correct. The battle ground was then tossed for, and Mitchell won the toss, and Kilrain, Capt. Jenks and Charley Rowell danced with joy. It was a great victory, for it gave Mitchell just what he had wished for, the naming of the battle ground. Later it was agreed that Sullivan and his party should provide the ropes and stakes. A well-known stock broker was agreed upon for the position of referee, and from what information I could glean he will be an impartial one, and decide the contest to the best of his ability. Later, in an interview with Mitchell, I was informed that he would remain on Lord Sandy's estate near Shirley until March 10, when with Kilrain, Rowell, Jack Baldock, Jem Smith, Jack Harper, and Pony Moore he would leave for Rouen and proceed from there by boat to the battle ground. The satisfactory way that the arrangements were completed gave general satisfaction. Many expected that Mitchell would pay a forfeit as long as Harry Bull insisted on retaining the office of final stakeholder, and the idea of Mitchell not doing so gained him many friends, for it is now the opinion of the initiated that Chippy Norton is Sullivan's backer, and it is even rumored that he will see that Sullivan does not lose, even if there was a possibility of his being beaten.



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

Samples of Man's Duplicity  
and Woman's Worse  
Than Weakness.



Miss Florence Little.

This young lady, whose portrait appears above, is a beautiful and well-known young lady of Gaffney, S. C. She is charged with being the wife of two husbands, both of whom she married within twelve days. Her first husband was Dr. Atkinson, whom she married on Feb. 12 last. It is said that it was afterward discovered that a few days before she had become the wife of one Augustus Mentz, who claims her as his wife, inasmuch as she married him first.

## OFF FOR THE BATTLE GROUND.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

In this issue we portray several striking and very interesting incidents and scenes relative to the departure of Charley Mitchell, England's celebrated representative in the great international prize fight, to sunny France, for the purpose of knocking out big John L.

## SAM BLACKLOCK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

One of Sullivan's assistant trainers at Windsor, England, was Sam Blacklock, the well-known English boxer, who in 1887 visited this country and offered to fight any man in America at 130 pounds for \$1,000, but failed to find any one ready to meet him. Blacklock returned to England in November, 1887, and joined Sullivan's combination. On another page we present Blacklock's portrait.

## JAKE KILRAIN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jake Kilrain, second for Mitchell, needs no introduction, for there is no pugilist living to-day any better known than the gentlemanly, quiet, unassuming champion, famous in the annals of prize ring chronology by the successful and desperate stand he made when battling for his country and the Stars and Stripes on the island of St. Pierre against Jem Smith, England's champion, Dec. 19, 1887.

## JOHN L. ELICITS HER MAJESTY'S ADMIRATION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A few days before the morning of the great battle between Sullivan and Mitchell, big John L., then training for the same, was running through Windsor Park, near the Queen's palace. The Queen happened to be out for a morning ride at the time, and as the celebrated pugilist passed by, the royal equipage was stopped and Her Majesty gazed on his noble form as if she heartily enjoyed the spectacle.

## ED C. HOLSKE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

We publish elsewhere the portrait of Ed C. Holske, the advance agent of John L. Sullivan's combination, who assisted to train the American at Windsor, England. Holske is well known in sporting circles, for he was once amateur champion heel-and-toe walker, and also held the 25 and 50 mile professional championship. The subject of the sketch is from a photo made by John Wood, 208 Bowery, New York.

## A MYSTERY AT PRINCETON.

A special from Princeton, N. J., Feb. 23, says: Early this morning a quantity of woman's hair matted with blood was found on a lonely road near the outskirts of the town. There were also pieces of a broken bottle scattered about and marks of wagon wheels. The common belief is that a crime has been committed. The authorities are making a searching investigation. At this season of the year wagons seldom travel over the road where the mysterious discovery was made.

## READY FOR THE GREAT FIGHT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Our double-page illustration this week cannot fail to be regarded by all lovers of sporting matters as a magnificent souvenir, worthy of preservation as a valuable memento of the great fight encounter between the famous American pugilist, John L. Sullivan, and England's champion boxer, Charley Mitchell. The truly life-like manner in which our artist has portrayed the great pugilist first mentioned is exceedingly refreshing, to say the least.

## A LOUISIANA DUELIST DEAD.

One of the most remarkable men and renowned duellists of modern times died at New Orleans, La., a few days ago. He was a native of the Spanish island of Minorca, in the Mediterranean. He has been principal in a score of duels and second in quite a hundred. His name was Joseph Lluia, but he was familiarly known as Pepe. He was a conspicuous figure on the streets of New Orleans and has been pictured in some

of the illustrated magazines. Born near Port Mahone, Minorca, in 1815, he came from a race whose members were celebrated in antiquity for their skill in the use of missile weapons. He went to sea as a cabin boy, and in 1823 settled in New Orleans, where he was employed in maintaining order in a cafe. Here, among the sailors, he became a consummate master in the use of the knife and sword. He became a celebrated fencing master, with perhaps few superiors.

## A FEW GAY YOUNG HENS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a "hen" party at Ocean Grove a few nights ago, in one of the pretty villas of that aristocratic place.

Seated about the cosy parlors were a full score of the blithest beauties of the twin cities, clad in the most fantastic and remarkable fashion. A pretty black-eyed belle was got up as a counterfeit presentation of Martha Washington. She wore a gray wig, immense hoop skirts and a decidedly abbreviated dress.

A buxom blonde with a creamy complexion pirouetted around the apartment on one foot, to the great glee of the spectators, both in and out of the cottage. She wore short corduroy trousers, a stylish silk hat and a wealth of tawny Dundreary sidewhiskers. A low-cut vest and a swallow-tail coat set off her plump form to advantage, while her shapely nether limbs were encased in tight black stockings. It was her peculiar style of getting around and her cunning appearance that elicited the first "oh" from the outside.

Two or three little beauties displayed their charm of form by wearing tights, and they gambolled around like lambs in a meadow, all unconscious of the penetrating surveillance of the "roosters" without. One girl wore a red tobogganing cap perched jauntily on top of a wealth of golden hair, while her form was hidden in a great reefing jacket and a pair of baggy overalls. Some girls had impressed into service the garments of their brothers, and many a pointing lip was hidden by a false mustache. The girls had a good time.

## AN ACT NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There was a lively time behind the scenes at the opera house in Hartford, Conn., on Wednesday night, says a recent special, in consequence of a quarrel between Erminie and Marie, two leading ladies in the "Erminie" troupe.

Erminie grabbed Marie by the hair and pulled until the elastic snapped, when her head looked like a billiard ball, while Marie in turn grasped Erminie and scratched her pretty complexion entirely away. And thus affairs progressed for some time, while screeches, howls, yell and cries emanated from the dressing room. Finally the manager made his appearance, and with the assistance of the property man and a number of the guards pulled the two struggling combatants apart. They were sorry looking spectacles, but they dressed in sullen silence and short skirts, after which Erminie went out and told how her dear mother used to sing a sweet lullaby, and Marie kissed fair Erminie's hand. The breach was not healed when they left Hartford, and there doesn't appear to be any immediate prospect of it.

## TRIED TO MURDER HIS MISTRESS.

Late last night, says a special from Zanesville, O., March 5, Richard J. Hanes, ex-sheriff of this county, and until recently supposed to be wealthy, shot his paramour, Frankie Wise, and escaped. Hanes is a man nearly fifty years old, with a wife and large family. The woman has a history. Five years ago she was arrested, charged with adultery with George Marple, both Marple and herself being married. Her husband was John Sanders, who, upon her conviction and sentence to jail for six months, obtained a divorce from her. While in the jail an intimacy began between her and the sheriff. He bought her a house and lavished the savings of years on her. Upon retiring as sheriff he went into business at Norwich, this county, still keeping up his connections with her. A month ago he failed for \$30,000, and the woman dropped him. He went to her house last night, placed a revolver against her breast, and fired. The bullet struck a gold watch, one of his gifts to her, and turned aside, making a bad flesh wound. She is seriously wounded, but will recover. Hanes cannot be found.

## A BOSTON DRUMMER'S INFATUATION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

During the performance of the Emma Abbott Opera Company at Harrisburg, Pa., recently, and while the company was on the stage awaiting the rise of the curtain, R. M. Larned, Jr., a Boston drummer, appeared behind the scenes. He presented himself to Miss Abbott, claimed an acquaintance, and proceeded to make himself familiar. The prima donna said she didn't know him. After a while he caught her by the hand and kissed her arm. Miss Abbott rushed to her dressing room and the drummer escaped before any one could chastise him. Afterward he sent Miss Abbott a bouquet, but she threw it away.

## A BRIDE'S OUTRAGEOUS ACT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Wilson Arnold of Appleton City, Mo., married a young widow at Kansas City recently, and a party of his friends assembled at his home with brass and string instruments to give the couple a serenade. Mrs. Arnold appeared on the porch armed with a navy revolver and ordered the parties to desist and leave the premises. They did not appear inclined to go, and she fired three shots into the crowd. Homer Haveland, aged sixteen years, was shot through the body and mortally wounded. Then the serenaders retreated. There is much indignation in the community at Mrs. Arnold's act, and a serious feud is feared as the result.

## HARRY BULL.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Harry Bull, better known as Chippy Norton, is one of the most noted sporting men in England. He resided at Windsor and was the boniface of the Adelaide Hotel, where John L. Sullivan trained for his battle with Charley Mitchell. Harry Bull formerly resided at Birmingham, and was Alf. Greenfield's backer when the latter fought Jem Smith, the well-known pugilist, of London, for the championship of England. Bull is now the stakeholder in the Mitchell and Sullivan contest, and he is a great admirer and supporter of the great American boxer. His photo appears on another page.

## ROBBED OF HER BEAUTIFUL TRESSES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mrs. William J. Miller, aged twenty-one years, of

Reading, Pa., was alone in her handsome cottage on Rise street a few days ago, when she was brutally assaulted by an unknown man who entered from the side yard. She had gone into the sitting room, when she was grasped from behind by both arms, and before she could turn around was thrown violently to the floor. In her struggles the lady kicked and choked, and finally went off into convulsions. Upon regaining consciousness her assailant was not to be seen, and Mrs. Miller then discovered she had been divested of her magnificent brown hair, the tresses having been cut off close to the scalp.

## RUINED BY A LIBERTINE.

Last night, says a special from Marion, Ill., March 6, Miss Clara Barnett, of Jonesboro, five miles south of Marion, died of puerperal convulsions, brought on by premature child birth. Miss Barnett was taken sick Sunday morning. She came home at 9 o'clock from her grandfather's, where she had spent the night, and lay down on the bed. No one was at home at the time, except her brother John who was asleep upstairs. He was awakened by a scream, and hastening down stairs found his sister on the floor in spasms. Sunday night a dead child was born, the convulsions continued, and she died in great agony.

Miss Barnett was a very pretty school girl and one of the favorites of the village. She was the step-daughter of Alson Dennis, a citizen of high standing. She was only sixteen years of age, and until the culmination of this affair bore an unblemished reputation. The author of her downfall is Elmer Shooks, twenty years of age, the son of reputable parents, but himself a dissipated young libertine. One of the saddest features in connection with the case is the effect upon the unfortunate girl's mother, whose idol she was. When her daughter died the mother went raving mad, and called down the most fearful maledictions on the head of her daughter's betrayer.

## AN ERIE WOMAN DIES FROM GRIEF.

The death of Mrs. Minnie Anderson, wife of Scott Anderson, of South Erie, Pa., has a melancholy history, of which the public is ignorant. A short time ago the lady's little girl, Ina, a frail child of less than twelve years, was seized by a ruffian, one George Greiger, dragged into a lumber yard on Seventeenth street, and inhumanly treated. The child came home almost dead, and is still in a precarious condition of health. Mrs. Anderson took the child's misfortune so much to heart that she became quite ill. She dreaded the awful publicity of a trial in court. When the case was to be sent to the Grand Jury Captain Sullivan was asked to delay it, as it was then impossible for Mrs. Anderson to attend court. A day or so later when Captain Sullivan went to look after the Andersons he found a bunch of crape on the door. Mrs. Anderson had answered a summons to the highest of all courts. The unfortunate mother, prostrated by mortification and grief over her poor child's misfortune, was unable to rally. Mrs. Anderson was a bright, pretty woman of thirty-two years. She leaves with her husband three bright little girls. Her remains were taken to her former home in Wellsburg, where they were laid at rest.

## HARRY S. PHILLIPS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The portrait of Mr. Harry Phillips, a well-known sporting man, backer of pedestrians, sprinters and pugilists, appears on another page. Mr. Phillips is very popular, and he has skillfully managed John L. Sullivan and a combination during Sullivan's tour of England, Ireland and Scotland. He is also finding, so he claims, \$2,500 stakes for Sullivan's match with Mitchell. Mr. Phillips, with the exception of Al Smith, of New York, and William Madden, is the best and most energetic manager Sullivan ever had to look after his interests; besides, he has gained for the famous pugilist a host of friends and admirers in England.

## ROBBED IN A PULLMAN CAR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Pullman Conductor Towne was recently attacked in the drawing room of his car by two masked men, who sand-bagged him and robbed him of \$30 and the contents of his pocketbook. They then dragged him to the platform of the car and left him for dead. He was found shortly after the train had started by a passenger, but did not regain his senses until the train reached Mandan. The attack was made about midnight at New Buffalo, Dak., a few miles west of Fargo.

## JACK ASHTON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jack Ashton, the famous heavy-weight boxer, was first brought before the sporting public by Billy Madden. Ashton has figured in both prize ring encounters and glove contests, and never met defeat until he met Jake Kilrain, the champion of America. Ashton has been boxing with Sullivan during his tour in the United Kingdom of Great Britain, and was Sullivan's principal trainer at Windsor, England. His portrait appears on another page.

## SULLIVAN'S COLORS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Sullivan's colors in his great fight with Mitchell may be seen on another page. They consisted of the simple Stars and Stripes, with Erin's harp in the lower right hand corner, and a shamrock in the opposite corner. Delicately embroidered over the whole were the initials of the mighty man, "J. L. S." The colors are said to have been made by the fair fingers of a sporting peeress, and it is sufficient to say that they were chosen with admirably good taste.

## JACK BALDOCK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Jack Baldock, whose portrait appears on another page, was Mitchell's second in his fight with John L. Sullivan. He is one of the famous English pugilists who has engaged in many a hard fought battle, and who is now classed as the best second of pugilists in England. He succeeded Alf Greenfield when the latter met Jem Smith, the English champion, at Laftite, France, and he was Jem Smith's second when he fought Jake Kilrain for the championship of the world.

## Red Light.

As the red light is used for the prevention of accidents wherever displayed, so "Red Light Preventive" is used for the prevention of certain diseases. Read advertisement page 15.

"We have received from Richard K. Fox, of New York, the third edition of 'The Slang Dictionary.' The work is unique, and is of interest to the scholar as well as to the sporting man."—*Eastern Argus*, Portland, Me.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who  
Find Pictorial Fame in  
These Columns.



Steve Brodie,

The Fourth Ward boy, pedestrian, bridge jumper, and general sport, is cutting a big swell. His memorable jump from the Brooklyn Bridge July 23, 1886, marked the turn in the tide of Steve's life that led to prosperity. The newsboy of a few years ago is to-day the pride of his old ward and proprietor of the sporting house 114 Bowery.

## John Percival.

In this issue we publish a portrait of Mr. John Percival, the great turf commissioner and backer of pugilists, who is well known on all English and French race tracks.

## Robert Watson.

We present our readers in this issue the portrait of Robert Watson, of London *Sporting Life*, who has acquired fame on the other side as a referee in general sporting matters.

## John Fleming.

We present this week an excellent portrait of this clever and popular London sport, manager of the famous Pelican Club, and backer of England's champion, Jem Smith.

## Marquis of Queensberry.

Henry Sholto Douglas, the Marquis of Queensberry, an ardent admirer of the noble art of self-defense and the originator of the celebrated Queensberry rules, is portrayed on another page.

## George W. Moore.

Mitchell's backer in his great fight with John L. Sullivan, the famous American pugilist, is a native of New York. He is proprietor of the St. James Hall minstrels and the famous Washington Music Hall at Battersea.

## Jem Smith.

The young Johnny Bull who held out against our Jake for 106 rounds of the most desperate fighting with the "raw uns" in the world-famous battle for the international championship, Dec. 19, 1887, on the Seine, is portrayed on another page.

## J. W. Barnett.

Whose portrait we publish in this issue, was originally a New York sport, but he joined Sullivan's combination as assistant manager, and was Sullivan's principal adviser in his tour through England and Ireland, and his representative in Sullivan's match with Mitchell.

## Dominick McCaffrey.

Among the American contingent in England who crossed the briny deep to be present at the great international battle was Dominick McCaffrey. He left for England after his signal defeat in the arena by Jack Dempsey. His portrait appears on another page.

## George W. McDonald.

In this issue we publish a portrait of George McDonald, of London, Eng., the well-known professional trainer who had the mentorship of Sullivan. He is a son of Jack McDonald, whom it was alleged, drugged John C. Heenan, when the latter fought Tom King for \$10,000, in 1883.

## Sylvie Gookin.

No one in rowing circles is better known than Sylvie Gookin, the famous Boston oarsman, whose portrait we present on another page, one of the once famous Gookin brothers. Gookin went to England to witness the Sullivan and Mitchell fight, and arrived in London, England, on March 6.

## George W. Atkinson.

The popular and clever editor, who has made the *Sporting Life*, of London, Eng., the only recognized authority on sports across the big pond, also to whom the thanks of the entire sporting world is due for his skillful management of the great Kilrain-Smith fight, is portrayed in this issue.

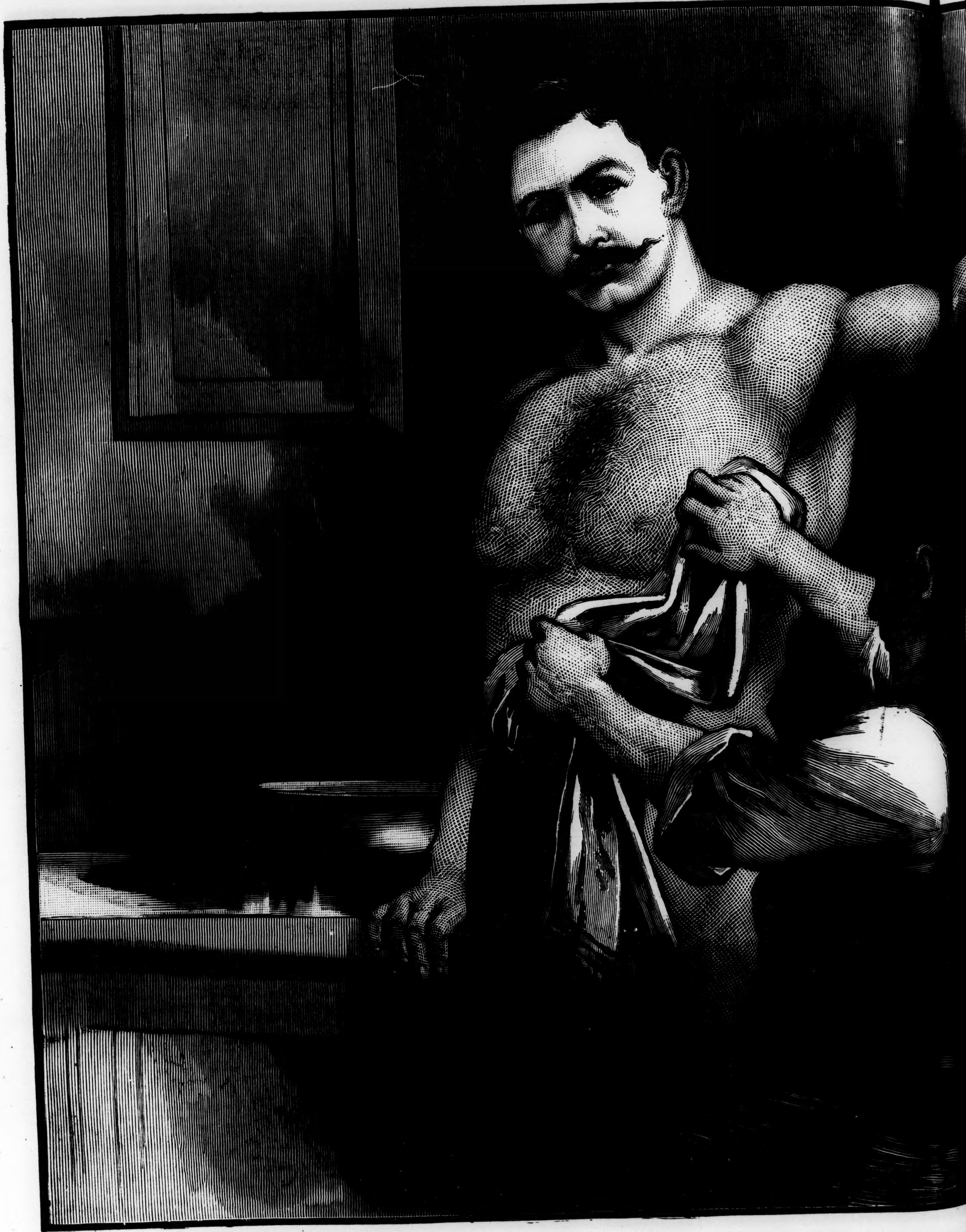
## Wm. J. Kendall.

On another page will be found a portrait of Wm. J. Kendall, the ex-policeman of Boston, who made his name famous by swimming through the rapids at Niagara. After his arrival in England he made Windsor, Sullivan's training quarters, his residence, and did everything he could to help the great John L. train.

## SPORTING MEN SHOULD HAVE IT.

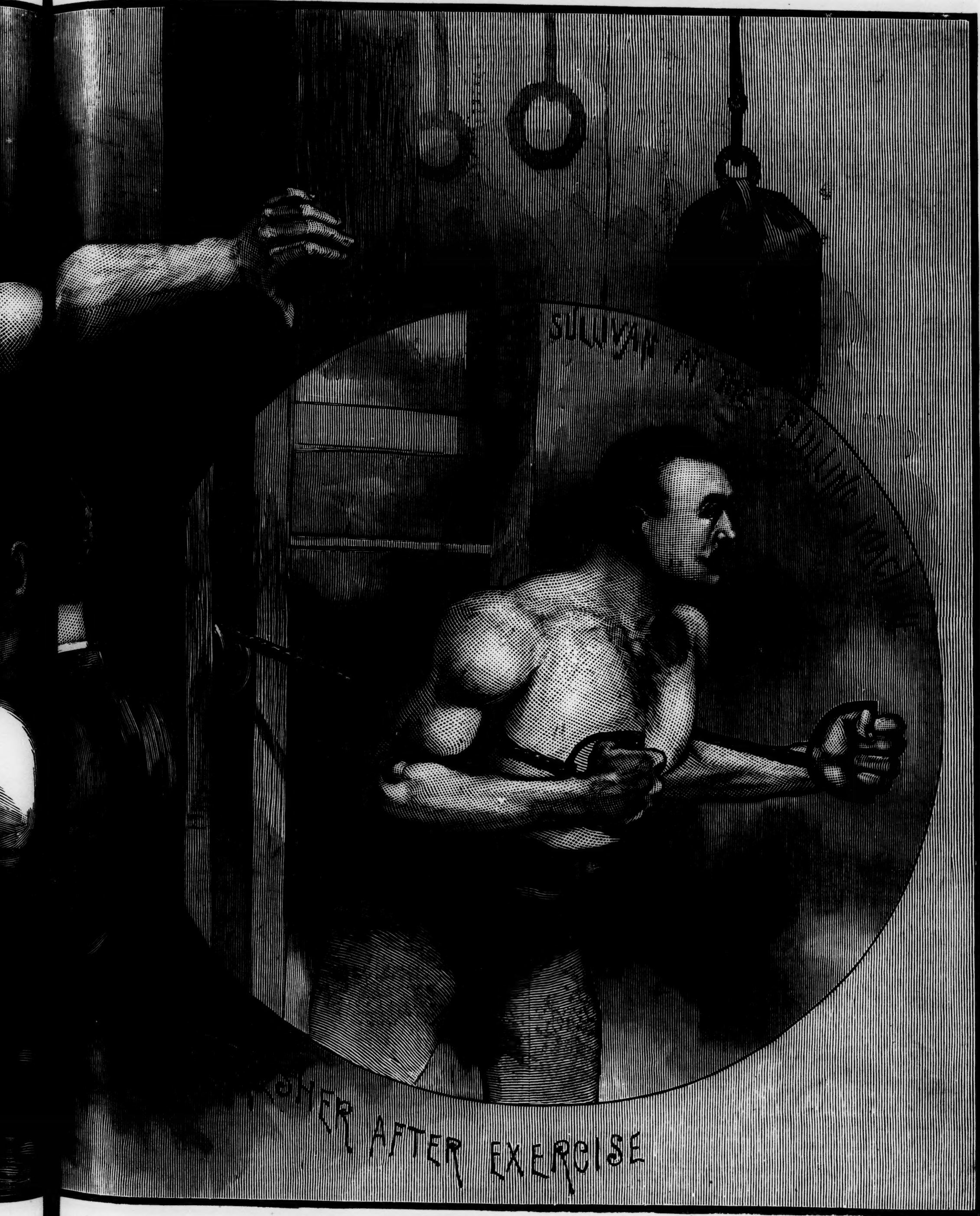
The New London *Day*, of Connecticut, says: "The *Sporting Man's Companion*, published by Richard K. Fox, of New York, is undoubtedly the best book of its kind ever issued in America."





**THE GIANT PUGILIST MAKES**  
THE RENOWNED JOHN L. SULLIVAN'S FINAL PREPARATION FOR HIS LIVELY ENGAGEMENT





KEES ADY FOR THE GREAT FIGHT.

Y ENCOUNTER WITH CHARLEY MITCHELL, THE PLUCKY ENGLISHMAN AND HARD HITTER.



## MASKS AND FACES

The Dagger of La Tosca--Songs  
of Evangeline--Marriages  
of Actresses.

## THE PISTOL OF DEACON BRODIE.

"Been to see La Tosca?"  
"Ya-a-s."  
"Tough, isn't it?"  
"Ya-a-s."

The public and the critics seem to be very much of the opinion of St. Biller and Van Humberg who, between whiffs of cigarette smoke the other night, thus discussed the merits of the new play produced at the Broadway Theatre.

The fourth act is strong. The artist Mario, lover of the actress La Tosca, is condemned to death. The police official Scarpia, also in love with La Tosca, invites her to supper and offers to save the life of Mario if she will yield to him.

La Tosca listens to Scarpia for some time with patience when, however, in the brilliantly lighted banquet room Scarpia, with lustful eyes and suggestive gestures, and hot, eager mouth, attempts to embrace her. La Tosca seizes a carving knife and stabs him again and again.

"Die, wretch! die, villain!" she cries, as she plunges the knife into his breast. "Die, beast!"

The moans for mercy grow fainter and fainter. With supreme effort Scarpia rises.

He totters. He reels. He falls.

La Tosca bends over him.

He is motionless, a stiff and bloodstained corpse.

Dumfounded in the face of death, La Tosca takes the candlesticks with their burning lights from the banquet table, places them at each side of her prostrate victim and gently lays a crucifix over his heart which has ceased to beat.

Then she retires backward, horror struck, and the curtain rolls down.

After witnessing so gloomy a play as "La Tosca," at the Broadway, I was quite pleased with "Evangeline," gaily and festively mounted, at the Windsor.

The music of Mr. E. E. Rice and the words of Mr. T. Cheever Goodwin have lost none of their frivolous charm.

The girls who, on this occasion, sang the music and the words were pretty and young.

At any rate, they looked young and pretty "from the front," and that, I suppose, is all that's necessary.

Some of the husbands and lovers who hang around stage entrances probably find the women old and ugly.

That's none of our business.

Miss Anna Boyd was an angel without wings, and without skirts, as Gabriel, and played and sang her part most acceptably.

She has more facial expression than the common run of burlesque beauties and moves gracefully.

Her topical song, "I think so; Don't you?" caught the fancy of the house.

I quite agree with Miss Boyd when she says that driving in a sleigh on a crisp, cold winter day a fellow needs only one arm to tend to the horses, the other arm looks best around the waist of the girl who sits next to you enveloped in furs.

"Old man on the outside  
Paying all the gold,  
Young man on the inside—  
'Heigh! Ain't it cold?'"

"I compose when fancy takes me," said Mr. Rice to me some time ago. "I have no fixed time. I conceived the idea of writing 'Evangeline,' for instance, late one night as I was chatting with Cheever Goodwin, of Boston. We had been to see some poor burlesque by Lydia Thompson, and walking home we were discussing the performance. 'By Jove!' said I to Goodwin, 'I think we can do better than that ourselves. Suppose you write the libretto of something or other and I furnish the music!' 'It's a go!' said Goodwin. We went to my room, looked over my books, and hit upon the 'Evangeline' of Longfellow. You know the result. I may state, by the way, that the Lone Fisherman is taken from life. He was a certain staid, solemn, unsmiling old party I used to know when I was a boy. I used to see him at all the country shows, and I remember him as though I'd seen him yesterday."

There has been a lot of talk during the past week about stage morality.

The great actor, Coquelin, who is coming over soon with Jane Hading and handsome Damala under the management of Mr. Abbey, was asked his views on stage morality a short time ago. Said he: "As to the sweeping charge of immorality made against actresses, it is of course unjust and exaggerated. A beautiful and talented woman is in danger in any sphere. If the lantern of truth were flashed upon the private lives of society ladies with the merciless glare that actresses have to endure, I doubt seriously if the former would have much to boast of from the comparison. No woman need blush at belonging to a profession which numbers thousands as pure and as lovely as Rose Cheri and Victoria Lafontaine. In general these

would-be artists may safely leave the question whether the stage is worthy of them and confine their attention to the more important point, whether they are worthy of the stage."

While thousands all the world over are anxious to go on the stage and shine, there is an attractive young widow who just now thinks of leaving it.

This is Virginia Dreher, of Mr. Daly's company. Miss Dreher is engaged to marry a young Englishman, who rejoices in the name of Postlethwaite. Good luck to them both!

Speaking of brilliant marriages, reminds me of some of the actresses who have been united to dukes, counts, earls, barons and viscounts.

Right Hon. John Bull seems to have a fancy for Mademoiselle Thespis. The first one hears of was Miss Fenton. I believe the original *Polly Peachum* in Gay's "Beggars' Opera" when it was produced by Rich.

and said to have made Rich Gay and Gay Rich. Miss Fenton became Duchess of Bolton, a dukedom now either dormant or extinct.

Then came the marriage of Miss Farrow to the twelfth Earl of Derby. She had four children only one of whom, a daughter, grew up and got married. Her husband was no less a person than the late Earl of Wilton, "the wicked Earl," as he was called.

The present Earl, who was called to the Upper House during the lifetime of his father, is therefore the grandson of Miss Farrow and great-grandson of a drunken Irish apothecary who became a strolling player. The late Earl, who gave the magnificent "Derby dinner" on the eve of the great race, a duty now taken up by Lord Rosebery, was very proud of his mother-in-law, and hung her picture, a magnificent full-length, by Sir Thomas Lawrence, at the head of the grand staircase, so that as the guests filed in to the Derby dinner they could see and admire it. Elizabeth Farrow, Countess of Derby, appears in walking dress carrying a very large muff.

The third famous actress to reach the peerage was Miss Harriot (pronounced Harryot) Mellon, also of Irish origin. Miss Mellon was a great beauty and was put forward by Sheridan at Drury Lane as a sort of counter-attraction to "the minxes," as he styled the well-established beauties, Miss De Camp, Mrs. Crouch, Miss Farrow and the rest. All of these laughed and sneered and sniggered at the wild Irish girl, but Sheridan pointed, not a little maliciously, to her superb Irish complexion and magnificent head of ruddy auburn hair. Miss Mellon married first the famous banker, Mr. Thomas Coutts, whose three daughters, Lady Guildford, Lady Bute and Lady Burdett, were her greatest friends.

When Mr. Coutts died he left her the whole of his immense fortune to distribute as she pleased. She behaved perfectly under this severe trial, reserving to herself not nearly so much as she was fairly entitled to. Then she married the Duke of St. Albans, a descendant of Nell Gwynne and King Charles the Second, like the Duke of Grafton. Neither as Mrs. Coutts nor as Duchess of St. Albans did Harriot Mellon have any children.

Three other ladies of the stage attained equal or nearly equal rank. Maria Foote, who became Countess of Harrington, lived quite into our own time as the widow of the eccentric nobleman who, while yet only Lord Petersham, gave his name to rough cloth and a curly-brimmed hat. Maria Foote was perfectly beautiful when young, but showed no trace of beauty in advanced age. Miss Stevens, who married the old Earl of Essex, lived till almost the other day and was a delightful old lady, a magnificent reader and reciter. She left no children, unlike Lady Harrington, whose daughter is the present Marchioness of Conyngham, or the late Lady Becher, who was mother of the present baronet. Her husband was the great sporting celebrity known long as Captain and afterward as Sir William Becher. A brook on the Grand National Steeplechase course at Aintree, near Liverpool, was named after him, "Becher's Brook." Lady Becher was the celebrated Miss O'Neill.

We all remember Lord Garmoyne and Miss Fortescue, and the nice little sum she cost the noble father of the loving "Gumbell."

We have not forgotten Edith Kingdon and George Gould.

And now the news comes across the sea that Phyllis Broughton, the actress of burlesque and operetta, is engaged to Lord Dangan, son and heir of Earl Cowley.

Decidedly the way from the coulisse sometimes leads to the coronet.

"Darling, I've bought up all the photos of you I could find in the picture dealers' windows. See, here they are!" said young Dudelet Double-dollar, full of admiration for the rising burlesque, Daisy High-jinks, the other night.

"You're an idiot," volunteered the fair one; "I paid to have those photos hung in the windows. I'll have to pay all over again."

I'll bet Double-dollar had to pay all the same.

Two old-time attractions, Barnum and Maggie Mitchell, are here in town again. Both come with new shows or old ones renewed, revised and improved by the authors.

Bijou Fernandez amused herself skipping across the stage during a rehearsal at Daly's the other day.

In doing so she ran against the great Augustin, who was giving directions, and almost pushed him into the orchestra.

He didn't get angry, nay, he even smiled.

"If anybody else had run against the governor," said one of the company, telling the story, "he'd been fired, sure."

Nat Goodwin was the auctioneer of the seats for the Hart benefit at the Madison Square last week.

"Going, going, gone! There's a man evidently gone!" remarked the comedian suddenly, as he pointed to an individual in the orchestra, asleep from the effects of liquor and snoring vociferously. "He's knocked down and out."

The story of Deacon Brodie, worked into a play by Stevenson and Henley, seems to be founded in fact. There was a real Deacon Brodie, who lived in Edinburgh in the last century. He led a double life a long time.

The robbery of the excise—one of the leading incidents of the play—cut short the Deacon's career. One of the robbers turned King's evidence and it was then discovered that the head and brains of the daring gang of burglars that had kept the city so long in a ferment was the orthodox, respectable, much-beloved Deacon Brodie. His double life was exposed. By day prim, righteous, a man of known integrity, one whose name was a synonym for uprightness; by night a robber, a gambler, the rollicking leader of a band of burglars, a devil-may-care cut-throat who entered houses, who played with loaded dice, who kept a mistress, who squandered money, who was the bolterous leader of drunken orgies—that was Deacon Brodie. The night that he and his confederates, Smith, Ainslie and Brown, robbed the excise Brodie was in uproarious spirits, as usual, and went down the road to the excise building singing a favorite snatch from the "Beggars' Opera."

Let us take the road!  
Hark! I hear the sound of coaches.  
The hour of attack approaches—  
To your arms, brave boys, and load.  
See the ball I hold!  
Let the chemists toll like asses—  
Our fire their fire surpasses,  
And turns their lead to gold.

Brodie's companions were arrested in the act of robbery. Brodie managed to escape, but was pursued all over the country in various disguises and finally captured. Henry Erskine, the great advocate, defended him on his trial, and Jean Watt, his mistress, tried to prove an alibi; but he was convicted, and was hanged on Oct. 1, 1788. He was the inventor of an improvement in the mode of execution by hanging—the improvement being in the substitution of the drop for the double ladder—and was the first to be hanged by the new method.

I heard the latest *bon mot* attributed to Theo the other day. "A woman's garter," said she, "is the first station."

THEY WERE BURNED ALIVE.

Round Ridge, the Chinese village near the favorite picnic resort of Tai Shek, near Canton, China, was lately the scene of a remarkable tragedy. The following account of the occurrence is taken from the *Kuung Po*, a native paper. At Round Ridge village is the Buddhist Monastery, known as Golden Bowl Temple. In this temple a number of monks and nuns appeared to take the vows of the order. Among the latter were two females of attractive appearance. Before the nuns left the precincts of the temple two priests attempted to assault them. The priests were arrested and turned over to a civil magistrate, who sent them back to the monastery to be punished by their superiors.

The abbot had them flogged. On being released they made a desperate but unsuccessful attempt to murder the abbot, who then determined to apply for counsel to the five great monasteries of Canton. The matter was debated, and it was the unanimous opinion of those consulted that the reputation of all monasteries was at stake, and that only one method remained of dealing with the guilty parties. It was resolved to burn the offenders to death in a cremating house of their monastery that the purifying influences of fire might cleanse their hearts. Then it was hoped that, even on their behalf, the saving power of Buddha might be exerted. On Jan. 7 the sentence was carried out. The two monks were carried bound into the cremating-house of the monastery; then, in presence of their brethren and a large crowd of spectators from the village, they were burned to death.

AN OLD CRIME.

Sheriff Burrell, of Carmi, Ill., has arrested Dr. J. W. Stone, of Springfield, owing to a confession made by Albert Quackenbush, to the effect that he and Stone, by the command of the Knights of the Golden Circle, had in 1884 murdered Jackson Ballard, a Union soldier, who was hunting for a deserter named Anderson. Ballard was killed by persons who had concealed themselves near the road along which he was passing. Several shots were fired, one bullet entering his head and killing him instantly. No clue to the murderers could be found, it being thought at the time that the crime had been committed by friends of Anderson. The matter was at last forgotten and was only revived by Quackenbush's confession.

A LUCKY STRIKE.

As some doubts were expressed in regard to Fred Jarvis, of Empire, getting \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery drawing of Jan. 10th, our reporter visited him last week and obtained positive evidence of the fact. Mr. Jarvis also informed him that the Louisiana State Lottery Company, immediately on receipt of the winning coupon, together with his orders relative to the forwarding of the amount won, placed it in the hands of Wells, Fargo & Co., as directed, and no trouble whatever was experienced by him in collecting it. He further stated that he had been investing small sums in the drawings for some time past, and has always been lucky enough to draw something each time.

Here on the bay where Mr. Jarvis is well known as one of our most respected and enterprising citizens nothing need be said in regard to him; but as many throughout the county, and in the adjoining counties, would like to know something relative to the man who was fortunate enough to "make a killing," we give a brief outline of him since his advent on the bay. He came here from Indiana in June, 1873, and for the first three years of his residence was engaged in lumbering, logging, etc. He was married in 1876 to Miss Ida Haynes, a daughter of one of our most worthy citizens, and as a further evidence of his good luck he can show a nice family of six children. After his marriage he purchased a hotel at Sumner and was also landlord at Coos City for some time. The business did not suit him, so he sold out and commenced bidding on mail contracts. Being successful in obtaining a contract to carry the U. S. mail between Empire City and Drains Station, he moved to the former place, where he has since resided. In connection with the carrying of the mail he runs a stage line, and through business ability and enterprise had already accumulated a snug sum, independent of the \$15,000 by which it was lately augmented. The latter sum he intends to invest on the bay. He has already purchased some real estate; has bought another interest in a vessel, and is keeping his eye open for further investments. We hope that good luck will still continue to perch upon his banner, and that his investments will prove satisfactory in every respect.—*Marshfield (Oregon) News*, Feb. 22.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. W., Toledo, O.—No.  
D. C., Brooklyn.—A wins.  
D. P., Tioga, Ill.—Certainly.

POKER, Newark, N. J.—Neither.  
O. G., Lapasas, Texas.—Thanks.  
HAL, Greenwich, N. Y.—A wins.  
C. F. W., Philadelphia.—O'Neill.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—Yes.  
J. O. N., Greenwich street, N. Y.—\$500.  
J. B. M., Red Bluff, Cal.—We do not know.

ROB AND ALER, Princeton, N. J.—Alec wins.  
G. C. D., Fort Buford, D. T.—Brown is the color.  
W. F. O., Lamer, Col.—No rules govern such affairs.

BAKTEL, Rochester, N. Y.—Mitchell did knock Sullivan.  
J. C. P., Honesdale, Pa.—We have no record of the affair.

J. M., Boston.—1. A wins. 2. No. 3. D takes third prize.

G. C. D., Fort Buford, D. T.—Auburn is the color that wins.

T. G., Albany, N. Y.—1. Tom Sayers did not break his arm. 2. Yes.

J. M., New Orleans, La.—Send on a forfeit if you mean business.

D. McC., Manchester, Va.—Send 75 cents, and we will mail you the book.

F. G., Grant Forks.—John L. Sullivan and Jack Knifton were never matched.

D. O. K., Belleville, N. J.—We cannot ask or answer such a foolish proposition.

J. C. M., York, Neb.—Send 30c. to this office for "Sporting Man's Companion."

A. B. C., Kensington, Ill.—We do not understand your question. Be more explicit.

F. S. S., Plainville, Pa.—Apply to some boxing teacher or place him in charge of a trainer.

W. H. H., Vincennes, Ind.—Write to Leslie Brice, *Turf, Field and Farm*, New York city.

A. L., Mason, Tex.—Send for "The Sporting Man's Companion." It contains the records.

BLACK JACK, Elgin, Ill.—1. John Morrissey was born Feb. 5, 1831. 2. No. 3. He died in 1878.

A. W., Anacosta, M. T.—Thirty-one, unless made by a pair or sequence, counts but two points.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—If both players make the same number of points the game is drawn.

J. W., Boston, Mass.—Gus Lambert's address is Norwich Sporting Club, 82 Water street, Norwich, Conn.

KYLE, Escanaba, Mich.—"The Sporting Man's Companion" contains John L. Sullivan's record. It is published at this office.

J. W., St. Louis.—Prof. William Clark of your city can inform you. Apply at the Natorium, Nineteenth and Pine streets, St. Louis.

W. M. D., Kansas City, Mo.—1. Yes. 2. Tom Sayers did second John C. Heenan. 3. King was the winner of his battle with John C. Heenan.

E. M., Monango, D. T.—The game cannot be called out until played out. Cand D, wanting 3 points, win the game by making high, low and jack.

J. M. KAY, Express, Oregon.—Tom Sayers never fought with gloves, but with bare knuckles, so that there is no comparison. 2. Tom Sayers.

J. C. M., Detroit, Mich.—1. The man who buys the privilege of pitching the trump must lead a card of the suit he makes trump. After the first trick it is not compulsory to lead a trump, and a player may lead a card of any suit he chooses. 2. High, low, jack, game, Pedro.

M. M., Shreveport, La.—A jack pot must be opened by jacks or better. A player who opens the pot on less than a pair of jacks not only loses the pot, but must deposit in the pool a penalty twice the amount of his original bet. The amount of penalty is generally agreed upon by the players. Band D forfeited their right to a share of the pot by passing before cards were drawn.

H. A. S.—1. Each player must follow suit, if he can, unless he chooses to trump; and failing to follow suit, provided he can (unless he trumps), he becomes liable to the following penalty: I. If the player making the revoke make jack and game, he cannot score either point, but his adversary may add both points to his score. II. If a player making the revoke makes either jack or game, when both points are out, he cannot score the point, but his adversary may add two points to his score. III. If both jack and game are out, and the revoking player holds jack, but does not make it, his adversary may score two points. IV. If jack is not out, the adversary scores one point for the revoke. 2. The jack of diamonds could not count, when hearts were trumps. 3. No. 4. See answer to 1.

T. W., Louisville, and A. S. J., Lexington, Ky.—Foxhall made his debut as a two-year-old at Newmarket in 1880, in the Bedford stakes, 6 furlongs, in which he carried 122 pounds, beating Myra, Ishmael and Mynheer; was second to Lord Rosebery's Savoy in the Ashley sweepstakes, beating Sinner, Lamprey and Montgomerie, and won the Brethby Nursery handicap, carrying 124 pounds, and beating a field of seventeen. As a three-year-old he was second to the great Bend Or in the City and Suburban handicap, leaving in his rear twenty-two others, among which were Prestonpans, Petronel, Poulet and other English "cracks"; was unplaced in the Ascot Gold Cup, won by Robert the Devil, and won the Grand Duke Michael Stakes. He won the Cesarewitch Stakes, carrying 110 lbs., the heaviest weight carried by any three-year-old in the race, and beating Chippendale, Fiddler, Petronel and seventeen others. Won the Select Stakes, carrying 127 lbs., the top weight, and beating Tristan and Maskelyne. The greatest of all his victories was the Cambridgehire Handicap, in which Foxhall had the top weight, 128 lbs., and beat a field of thirty-one, among which were Lucy Glitters, Tristan, Bend Or, Penlet, Scobell, Corrie Roy, Mistake, Wallenstein and others of merit. This is the heaviest weight ever carried by a winner of the Cambridgehire. Foxhall also won the Grand Prix de Paris. These are his performances as a three-year-old, and they stamped him as second to no three-year-old that has ever appeared. In his four-year-old form he has started twice, and won one race, the Ascot Gold Cup. The pedigree of Foxhall is one of the best in the stud book, and that he will distinguish himself as a sire we have no doubt. His sire is King Alfonso and his dam Jamaica, by Lexington; second dam Fanny Ludlow, by Imp. Eclipse; third dam Mollie Jackson, by Vandal. King Alfonso is by Imp. Phaeton, sire of Ten Brock and other good horses, dam Capitola, by Vandal, out of a mare by Imp. Margrave, from which it will be seen that Foxhall is very much inbred, having a double Glencoe cross through Vandal.



## REFeree.

## Joe Scott, Australia's Champion Walker, Scores a Big Victory.

## FUTURE POSSIBLE ACHIEVEMENTS.

I learn by "Red Dragon" that Joe Scott, the champion walker of Australia, has gained another what I may call a great victory, and made Hibberd, the famous 100-mile and 24-hour walker, knock under in a 24-hour race. Scott covered 122 miles to Hibberd's 92 miles.

I think that Scott's performance is a wonderful one, not because he covered 122 miles by fair heel-and-toe walking, but because he covered his miles on a board track.

If Hibberd had been able to push Scott, I have not the least doubt but that the famous Australian walker would have covered 6 miles more, and whereby he would have beaten all heel-and-toe walking records for 24 hours.

I am certain nearly every one who makes a specialty of reading these columns will say, "What is the greatest distance covered in 24 hours?" so, for their benefit and to stop correspondents from flooding this office with queries, I publish the figures. The best record for heel-and-toe walking for 24 hours is 137 miles 1,210 yards, made by Wm. Howse, not Jem Smith's, the English champion's, trainer, at Agricultural Hall, Islington, Eng., on Feb. 23, 1878.

Scott can be backed to walk any man in England on a country road in athletic or every-day costume, and if the money already at the *Sporting Life* office is covered a match can be relied on.

Concerning Scott, he has now embarked in two engagements against, presumably, our best men—at least, if public form is considered the true test. In both he has achieved a most signal triumph without having to demonstrate any of that ability with which his name is justly associated. He came in our midst with inducements which some years ago would have been considered far too liberal to admit of reasonable credence, actually offering \$100 to any Englishman capable of beating him.

That he can, indeed, accomplish all that his own countrymen give him credit for there cannot be a single doubt, and it is to be hoped that he quite England he will show, as we believe he can, his ability to cover 75 miles in 12 hours. As regards his mode of progression it is absolutely beyond suspicion and scrupulously fair.

He has traveled a great distance to prove to Englishmen that it is possible to excel their records by means of a street walk, pure and simple, and if, as we believe, he will leave our shores a poorer, though a wiser man, it will be some little consolation to know that we fully appreciate his conduct as a sportsman, and his unquestionable talent as a pedestrian of exceptional calibre.

On March 6 the following cable appeared in the New York Herald: To-morrow's *Sporting Life* will contain the following card: "Notwithstanding all the talk indulged in by Sullivan, Smith's deposit of \$500, posted February 3, still remains uncovered. When the money was deposited I stated that it would remain in the stakeholder's hands for fourteen days, so as to give Sullivan every opportunity of concluding a match, but he has made no further move in the matter, although he indulged in a lot of bombastic talk, affirming among other things that Smith was afraid to meet him, &c. Such talk is of course, utter nonsense."

"I have now another proposition to make. As Sullivan seems to object to risk any money over the result he can be accommodated in another way, which will prove—in so far as I am concerned—that I have not lost my friends, as has been stated, for I am now authorized to offer a prize of \$1,000 (\$5,000), which sum has already been subscribed by my friends for Smith and Sullivan to compete for under the orthodox rules of the prize ring, the contest to be held under the management of the subscribers, consisting of noblemen and gentlemen who will guarantee both men a fair field and no favor."

"In addition to the \$5,000 for the winner, the committee will defray the training expenses, and besides the seconds each man will be permitted to invite three friends, the contest to take place the first week in May."

"This plainly shows that we are not shirking a match with Sullivan. On the contrary, I would like the question of superiority put to a test. If Sullivan will neither make a match with Smith for \$1,000 or \$3,000 a side, nor agree to compete for a prize of \$1,000, is it not plain that he does not want a genuine match and that all his talk was mere buncombe?"

The above was signed by John Fleming, Jem Smith's manager, who also occupies the same position in the Pelican Club, of London.

After the last meeting between Jem Smith and John L. Sullivan's representative, when the latter agreed to arrange a match to take place in April, and Fleming, on behalf of Smith, agreed to arrange a match for \$3,000 sterling, to be decided in May, I did not think the matter ended, although neither could come to terms.

But by the last bulletin from "the seat of war," I should judge that Smith, backed up by the Pelican Club and the Societies of the prize ring, intends to take down the flag of truce and insist on Sullivan either capitulating or surrendering.

I cannot see how the great John L. can very well ignore the last offer made by Smith's backers without having the American flag, under whose folds he is battling, trailed in the dust.

The English champion's backer's proposition, I think, is a fair and liberal one. In fact, it is the most liberal offer I ever knew, for he is simply offering \$1,000 sterling, which is \$5,000 merely to settle whether Sullivan can conquer Smith or whether the latter could defeat Sullivan. The proposition also states that only three men shall be allowed on each side, so that the Pelican Club cannot expect to gain by the ticket money, which makes the offer all the more liberal.

Sullivan may be anxious to leave England in April, but where is there a champion or an ex-champion who professes that he is willing to make a contract to meet in the arena but would not put himself out of the way and cancel an engagement with the prospect of winning \$5,000 without any risk?

Sullivan claims he is eager to meet the English champion in the magic circle before he leaves England, and if Sullivan has not the backers to find the \$3,000 a side Smith's backers agree to risk on a meeting between the latter and Sullivan then the latter should accept the Pelican Club purse, and I think every one, both the admirers of Sullivan and the general public, will allow that I am writing sensibly on the question.

I understand that the members of the American Yacht Club are very jubilant just now over the prospect of an international race during the coming season, under the auspices of the club and for the prize offered by it three years ago, which has since gone "a-begging" as it were. It is the most valuable prize ever offered by any organization in the world—a cup made by Tiffany & Co., and costing \$12,500. It is open for competition for all foreign steam yachts on conditions somewhat similar to those provided for the America's cup.

The missile which has inspired so much hope among the American Yacht Club members is a letter received by Mr. Washington K. Connor from G. L. Watson, builder of the cutter *Thistle*, and is as follows:

"I think it not unlikely that some of you may be required to defend the American Yacht Club cup this coming season, as Sir William Pearce is building what is likely to be a very fast yacht in his yard at Fairfield. She is about the length of the *Atlanta*, very sharp, and will have great power; and although I do not know that he proposes challenging, I shall be much surprised if he does not. I am building some steel yachts, but nothing of any high speed, our owners here preferring comfort and large accommodations to speed."

Sir William Pearce is the head of the ship-building firm of Elder & Co., and it may be that the yacht of which Mr. Watson writes may be for some other gentleman, or for a syndicate; but the club is very much pleased at the prospect of a race, and its members feel that it will now add greatly to its importance as a yachting organization.

What the course of the proposed race will be cannot be determined until after the arrival of the challenge yacht, and then it will be subjected to mutual agreement.

At present the fastest yacht in the club is Mr. Gould's *Atlanta*, but on the receipt of a challenge it is thought that a yacht will be built expressly to defend the cup.

Pugilism makes queer bedfellows some times. Two pugilists naturally step into the ring to fight for supremacy with anything but a feeling of friendship for each other. Usually, if it be a finish fight, they are the bitterest of enemies. Naturally, too, the backers of each man entertain about the same feeling toward the backers of the other.

After the battle the defeated man hardly ever falls in love with the man who pummeled him. The feeling is usually even more strained between the backers. But this does not always prove true. As an instance, follow the history of Harry Gilmore, the Canadian light-weight, and Billy Meyer, the "fighting carpenter" of Streator, Ill.

These men have twice met in the ring within the past six months. Meyer won both fights in short order, and the backers of Gilmore, who reside in this city, lost anywhere from \$12,000 to \$15,000 on the two contests. Most people would no doubt draw the conclusion that Meyer and Gilmore, and the backers of the men, would entertain anything but a feeling of love for each other. The fact is, however, that they are on very friendly terms.

Immediately following the second battle the Streator sporting men invited Gilmore to their town and gave him a very substantial benefit. Meyer appeared at the benefit and boxed with Gilmore. Later the two gave sparring contests in neighboring Illinois towns. The exhibitions were not hippodromes, by any means. At La Salle the men pummeled each other so hard that the referee had to jump between them seven times to keep them from knocking each other out. As it was, both men were so badly punished at the close of the exhibition that they had to wear bandages about their heads for several days.

But the strangest part of the story is yet to come. The backers of Meyer at Streator recently offered to match Gilmore against Daly, the St. Louis light-weight, for any amount. After some little "bluffing" on the part of Daly's backers, nothing more was heard of the match. This week J. S. Woods of this city, one of Gilmore's backers in his recent contest with Meyer, is in receipt of a letter from the Streator sporting men offering to put up any amount of money on Gilmore for a finish fight with Danlle Needham, the clever St. Paul light-weight, either to a finish or for a 20-round mill, the match to be fought in this city or vicinity. It is probable that such a match will be made.

Pendragon says: "Signs and tokens are not wanting that 'the great boxing boom' has pretty nearly spent itself. One or two entertainment mongers, who thought they had nothing to do, so as to get a share of the money which fools are so proverbially ready to part with, but put up the pseudo-champions, have managed to come in at the wrong end of the epidemic and to drop a bit instead of making it. I happen to know that one 'assault' at which the bold Smith and the no less bold Kilrain were the chief attraction, and which was described in papers interested in keeping up appearances as an undoubted success, if not in its way a dazzling triumph, was a somewhat ghastly pecuniary failure."

"It is to be hoped that the bold Smith and the no less bold Kilrain—bold, that is, when they have only to face one another—have made the most of the good time that is so rapidly passing away; they may live to be as curious specimens of longevity as they are now ditto dittoes of prize-fighting ability, and not see anything like its reappearance. Spasmodic revivals are never intended by those who bring them about, or who are affected by them, to be 'as arranged for endurance.'"

A fight between Sullivan and Smith, planned and conducted upon sportsmanlike principles—a fight, I say, and not a burlesque—might yet succeed in arresting the popular fancy now so fast fading away; but even then, and for the same reason that we have lost heart in our professional standing directly Hanlan came and showed us what poor things our champions really were, boxing in this island would very likely go out altogether after such a meeting.

"So perhaps it is as well the game has been played as it has, and that, though it has made real lovers and admirers and understanders of boxing uncertain whether to be amused or angry. 'The boom' has come pretty near its end without causing the English side of it to look as small and mean as it might have done under other and more straightforward conditions. As (I hope) a sportsman, and one who has some right to say he knows what he is talking about, I should like to express my personal wish that the opportunity as offered by the public and the powers that be to rehabilitate professional boxing had not been devoted to such always selfish and oftentimes ridiculous ends; and having said that, I think I have said all that is now worth saying."

I recently announced that Jack Burke, the Chicago heavy-weight, who once stood up before John L. Sullivan, had made a match in Australia to fight Larry Foley, the best-known and most successful among Australia's professional boxers. The fight came off, and resulted in a draw, although the Australian papers say that Burke had the best of it, and that he would have won had he a fair show.

"Pendragon" has this to say of Burke: "Burke began his fist career as an amateur. I remember seeing him make very small deer of some pretentious as well as extremely genteel gloveites at the German Gym; and before that I wrote about his winning a prize at a pub not far from where another celebrity, though in a different line, one Davy Garrick, made his first appearance."

"Burke had on a previous occasion shown his ability as a sculler, and, having won a match for money, would have been disqualified as a boxing amateur had the fact been known. There was one man who knew about it when Burke was driving his foe before him at the hall in Pancras road, but not caring to see a good man put out over a mere quibble, he held his peace, and so Burke was triumphant. Some while after this the East End pet turned pro, in which capacity his most noted performance was his knuckle fight with C. Mitchell near Ascot, which resulted, owing to police interference, in a draw and six weeks (with hard labor) for both combatants in Berks County Jail."

"Burke and Mitchell were very well matched for style and science, and though each man's partisans claimed the advantage, no disinterested looker-on could say with anything like truth who had it up till the interference of the powers that be. I never knew why it was that Burke didn't enter the boxing competition promoted by W. Madden (Sullivan's ex-manager) that had such wondrous effect on the fortunes of Mitchell. If he had entered, the prize fighting record might have had to be written different from what it is at present. Reports of the big things Mitchell was doing in America probably fired Burke's desires as time rolled on, and by and by we find him departing from home in quest of trans-atlantic adventure."

## SPORTING.

## Slashing Glove Contest Between Light-weights.

## DUNCAN ROSS DOWNS CAPT. DALY.

The "Journalist" says: "Edward W. Drew is happy in the possession of a little daughter, his fourth child. Two of the four are boys." E. W. Drew is city editor of the *Evening News*, Buffalo.

At Philadelphia, on March 6, two colored middle-weights, Jesse Moulton, known as the Black Pearl, and Bill Davis fought for a purse of \$100 to a finish, under Marquis of Queensberry rules. In the 8th round Davis was knocked out.

Billy Dacey denies that he recently fought an unknown 6 hours. He says he was training Gabig at Kingston, N. Y., and did not engage in such a contest, and that the party who furnished the report in the New York daily papers did so for a joke.

The "Police Gazette" Baseball Club, having re-organized under the management of Mr. Harry Pierson, and having open dates for the coming season, would like to hear from unformed clubs, not exceeding nineteen years of age. Address all challenges to S. G. Adams, care of Harry Pierson, 2155 Second avenue, New York.

Ed McDonald, the little pugilist Jack Dempsey defeated, and now manager of Jack Bates, is going on a tour through the United States. He will be accompanied by Bates, and will visit all the principal cities and also go to Jacksonville, Fla. At the latter place he desires letters addressed to Prof. Ed. McDonald, *New-Herald*, Jacksonville, Fla.

Billy Dacey, the well-known light-weight pugilist, arrived in this city on March 5 from Kingston, where he was training Wm. Gabig. In regard to the recent glove fight, which was chronicled as nearly the longest on record, Dacey says: "I never fought any one since I met Jack Hopper, for I have not had the opportunity, and the report that I fought 6 hours was a hoax."

Arthur Chambers, of the Champion's Rest, Philadelphia, was in New York on March 6. He called at this office, and later made arrangements for Joe Acton and Matsada Sorakichi to wrestle at Ellis Rink, Philadelphia, on March 13. The conditions are catch-as-catch-can, best two in three falls, for \$500 a side. Chambers stated that he would match Joe Acton to wrestle Prof. Wm. Miller for \$500 a side.

Jack Dempsey, following the example of other doughty gladiators, has decided to double up with John Barleycorn, the invincible who sooner or later knocks out all who stand up before him. Jack has leased Alex. Taylor's old sporting resort at 203 Front street, where he will be pleased to meet his host of friends on and after the 15th. The old place is being entirely refitted, and a royal time is expected on the opening night.

Princeton College students in mass meeting on March 7 elected J. R. Barr, '89, President, and J. J. Charlton, '90, treasurer of the Football Association. A constitution was adopted for the Graduate Advisory Committee on Athletics, providing terms of office shall be for three years, one member to retire each year, and a new one elected. The committee elected is as follows: C. C. Cuyler, '79, for three years; Henry F. Osborn, '77, three years, and Robert Bonner, Jr., '78, one year.

E. H. Garrison, the famous jockey, has threatened his former employer, Capt. S. S. Brown, with a libel suit on account of his recent utterances. In reply to this Capt. Brown makes some interesting assertions, and winds up by saying: "Now, mind, I am not accusing Garrison of crooked work; I did not say the other day that he pulled Blue Wing in the Brooklyn Handicap. He did not ride to orders, that's all. Rogers says he will mind that race if he lived a thousand years, he was so sure of winning. I did not have much money on the race—only about \$200, I think."

The Waterloo Cup, or the great dog Derby, was run at Alton, Eng., and the winner is reported to be Mr. L. Pilkington's black-and-white dog, Burnaby, by Be-Joyful, out of Bagness. Burnaby was a dog that Mr. Pilkington had to substitute in the place of his fourth season bitch Penelope, who went amiss, as also did his first choice, Philomela. In the long odds quoted on the evening of the 21st ult., 1,000 to 20 against Burnaby, was taken, with 1,000 to 15 against Dingwall taken several times. Under the conditions of the event Burnaby won \$500, Dingwall \$200, with \$50 each to Caterham, Apostle and Duke Macpherson.

The following explains this: PHILADELPHIA, March 7, 1888.

To the Sporting Editor: SIR—I am ready to match Joe Acton, of Philadelphia, to wrestle Prof. William Miller, best two in three falls, either Græco-Roman or catch-as-catch-can, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder. If Prof. Miller is anxious to arrange a match he will communicate with me at 922 Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, at once.

Note—Prof. William Miller has \$250 deposited at this office to wrestle, box, and lift weights against any man in America for \$1,000 a side. Should Miller decide to wrestle Acton and notify his backer, the \$250 will be promptly covered.

The American Jockey Club has opened a new, rich, and novel sweepstakes, nominations for which will be free from liability unless eligible to start. The race is called the Titan Stakes of \$5,000. A sweepstakes for two-year-olds, to carry 110 pounds, at \$250 each for starters, and forfeits for horses eligible to start, as hereafter specified, the second horse to receive \$1,500 of the added money, and the third to save his stake, winners of a sweepstakes for two-year-olds on any recognized course to be eligible to start, and to be liable to a forfeit of \$100 each; non-winners will not be eligible to start, but will incur no liability whatever; winners of a sweepstakes for two-year-olds of the value of \$3,000 to carry 3 pounds extra; of two of the value of \$2,000 each, or of one of the value of \$5,000, 7 pounds extra. Nominations to be made on or before May 1, and the race to be run at the fall meeting of 1888, over the Titan course, 1,400 yards.

Jimmy McLaughlin, the champion jockey, who rides for the Dwyer Brothers, with Al Powell, the Plunger, well known on all the Eastern race tracks, called at this office on March 8, and was surprised at the trophies, portraits and other attractions of THE POLICE GAZETTE building. McLaughlin's special visit was to inspect the Richard K. Fox Diamond Championship Whip which he won for scoring the most winning mounts during 1887. On being escorted into the trophy room of the office both McLaughlin and Mr. Al Powell were surprised when shown the Jockey Championship trophy. Neither supposed it was either as valuable or as beautiful, and it exceeded their expectations.

McLaughlin said: "I supposed it was an ordinary riding whip, but did not dream it was as costly or half as valuable. I am very much pleased with it."

McLaughlin will be presented with the championship trophy later at some theatre, after which it will be held by him during 1888. If he wins it again by having the most mounts it will be his own personal property. McLaughlin left highly pleased, and there is not the least doubt but that he will retain the grand prize. Every one desiring to visit the POLICE GAZETTE office to see the diamond whip and the other trophies are welcome to do so.

At Galveston, Tex., recently, Duncan C. Ross, the champion athlete and holder of the "Police Gazette" championship trophy for mixed wrestling, and Capt. James C. Daly of New York, wrestled for \$200 and the gate money. It was generally understood that the feeling between the men had reached a point where both were after "blood," and the result, in a large

measure, justified this expectation, for the contest was the hottest ever witnessed in Galveston, and was won by Ross in the fifth bout after he had been thrown twice by Daly. James Dolan was chosen referee.

First bout—Catch-as-catch-can, three points down, was the most exciting of the night. Both men struggled desperately for the advantage, but Ross won the fall in 8 minutes 15 seconds.

2—Collar and elbow in harness, three points down. Ross took the aggressive, and after several efforts to down his antagonist through brute force he succeeded in throwing Daly, but immediately broke his hold, whereupon the referee awarded the fall to Daly, midst considerable dissatisfaction. Time, 4:30.

3—Græco-Roman style. Ross again assumed the aggressive, but Daly with great skill threw his Scotch champion, and was awarded the fall in 4 minutes. Ross complained at the referee's decision, claiming only one shoulder was down.

4—Side hold in harness, back fall. Won easily by Ross in one minute and ten seconds. Each contestant having won two falls, the seconds tossed for choice of style for the 5th bout. Daly won the toss and chose the collar and elbow in harness. After a sharp struggle Ross fairly threw his opponent, winning the bout and the match in three minutes.

An important meeting of the Executive Committee of the National Association of Amateur Athletes of America was held at the Grand Union Hotel, this city, on March 8. The Manhattan Athletic Club was represented by Alderman Walton Storm, the Nassau Athletic Club by W. G. Hegeman, the Pastimes by James E. Sullivan, the Olympic Athletic Club by W. A. Halpin and the Intercollegiate Athletic Association by Mr. C. H. Mapes. The object of the meeting was supposed to be to consider the advisability of boycotting the games held under the auspices of the new amateur athletic union, and the refusal of permission to athletes of the associated athletic clubs to enter or compete in the games of the Twelfth Regiment Athletic Association, which are to be held on April 2. It was deemed impolitic to do anything of the kind, and a call will be issued for a general meeting of the association, to take place on March 22, to consider the revision of Rule 33 of the by-laws of the association. This rule provides that athletes of the associate clubs can compete only at games given by these clubs, or at approved games. It is suggested that the rules be changed so as to read "at any meeting not disapproved by the Executive Committee of the National Association of Amateur Athletes." Amateur Union men will look on this as a big concession. A move was made to have the annual championship meeting held in the spring this year, but the best dates were found to be claimed already, so it was laid over till fall. Sept. 15 was chosen, Mr. Storm agreeing that the Manhattans would change that date if they had selected it, providing Sept. 8 was not claimed.

A slashing glove contest was fought at New Rochelle between Jim Laird and Joe Kennett on March 7. The men fought with gloves for a stake of \$150 a side and a purse of \$75. There was a select party of fifteen spectators present who gave up \$5 each to see the fight. Laird, who is a well-known amateur boxer, hailing from Hartford, Conn., stands 5 feet 3½ inches in height and pulled the beam at 132½ pounds. He was seconded by Mike Ryan and Billy Gleason. Kennedy comes from Toronto, Canada, stands 5 feet 5 inches in height and scaled 129 pounds. He was looked after by Jack Wehrley and Phil Dugan. A prominent New York club man officiated as referee. Both men, who have been training for the past three weeks, stripped in fine condition. Betting commenced in favor of Laird at 5 to 4. At the call of time for the first round the men stepped nimbly to the centre of the ring. After carefully sparring for an opening, Laird sent a straight left on the mouth, which immediately brought the claret. First blood was claimed and allowed for Laird. More sparring followed. Kennedy feinted for the stomach and sent his right hard on the neck. Short-arm work in favor of Kennedy finished the round.

In the second round Kennedy was the first to lead, but was cleverly stopped. Laird tried for the stomach but fell short, and in the retreat received a hot right on the jaw that sent him staggering to the floor. Short arm work again, with numerous clinches, followed to the call of time. The third round saw both men's faces with signs of punishment. Laird's under lip was split, and Kennedy's nose and left optic were swollen. Laird was the first to lead, but fell short for the stomach. Kennedy sent his left hand on the face, but received a wicked inside counter on the chin that knocked him clear through the ropes. When Kennedy resumed his feet he was dazed and bleeding. Laird advanced to close quarters, and feinting for the face with the right, sent his left crashing with crushing force on the mark. Kennedy, with a groan, fell to the floor in a heap, from which he was unable to rise at the call of time. The referee decided Laird the winner.

## BUFFALO BILL ABROAD!

## A Little Love Affair—What the Cowboys Think of it.

The success of "our own" Buffalo Bill—W. F. Cody—in England is very gratifying to his thousands of admirers on this side.

There was more truth than many imagined in his reply to the inquiry:

"What are you doing in England?"

"Chiefly playing poker with duchesses."

The English nobility quickly "cottoned to" Buffalo Bill because they recognized that he belonged to a higher order than their own—Nature's nobility. Despite his wild life he early managed to acquire an education and the polish which makes him easy even in royal society.

His polish is the bitter fruit, it is said, of a young love experience. When a young man on the plains, wild, woolly and unkempt in appearance and character, he fell in love with a dashing little school teacher. Full of pluck and faith in himself, he proposed to her. She laughed at him and he—collapsed.

After a time he braced up, bought some books and began to study.

His defeat proved his victory. The girl was his mascot, and his successes are due to her.

Magnificent specimens of manhood though they be "Bill's boys" are not perfection. Under date: "Buffalo Bill's Wild West Co., London, Sep. 19, 1887." D. W. Shoemaker of the Cowboy Band, writes: "Some weeks ago I was suffering from great disorder of the liver and kidneys and general prostration. I was forced to quit work and take my bed. I called in a physician, who only afforded temporary relief. A friend induced me to take Warner's safe cure, which afforded almost instant relief, and after taking three bottles I find myself in as good health as at any time in my life."

Two other members of the Wild West show, Mawie Beardsley, pony express rider, and Jim Mitchell, a cowboy, add to this statement of Shoemaker's, that in their long experience on the plains, from change of water, climate, and mode of life, and severe riding, they became subject to liver and kidney diseases, and they have found a sure remedy for these troubles in Warner's safe cure. Mawie Beardsley says: "I constantly recommend it to my friends."

Buffalo Bill has pluck and courage and hard sense, and not only controls all the wild elements that make up the Wild West show, but controls himself.

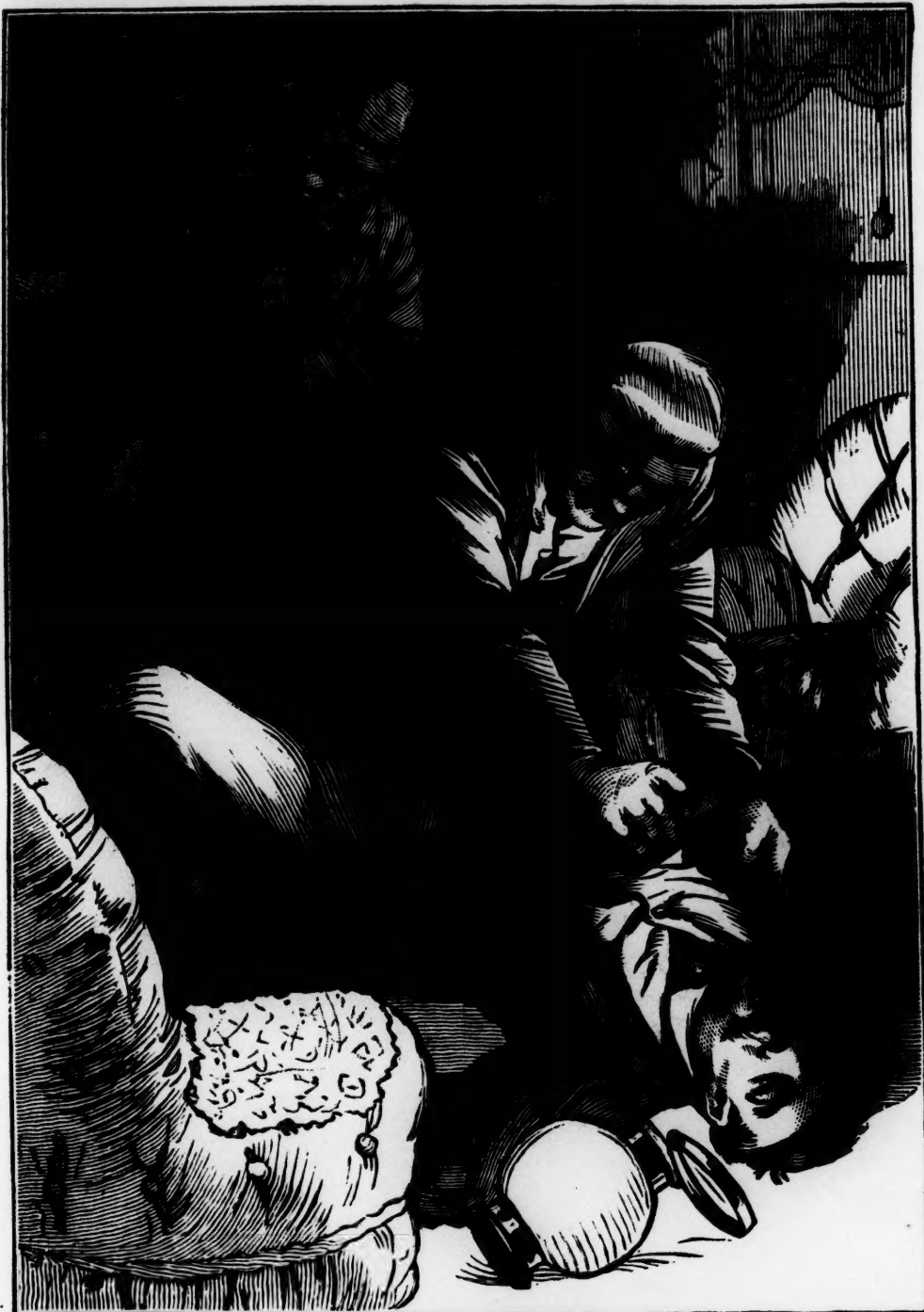
His experience as a scout makes him wary, discreet and shrewd. He quickly learns the best way to secure results, and, like a true man, has no prejudices against anything that proves its merits.

Buffalo Bill is so popular in England he may come home a "Sir William." But if not, he will probably enjoy himself quite as well, having secured a fortune ample enough for all his wants, title or no title.

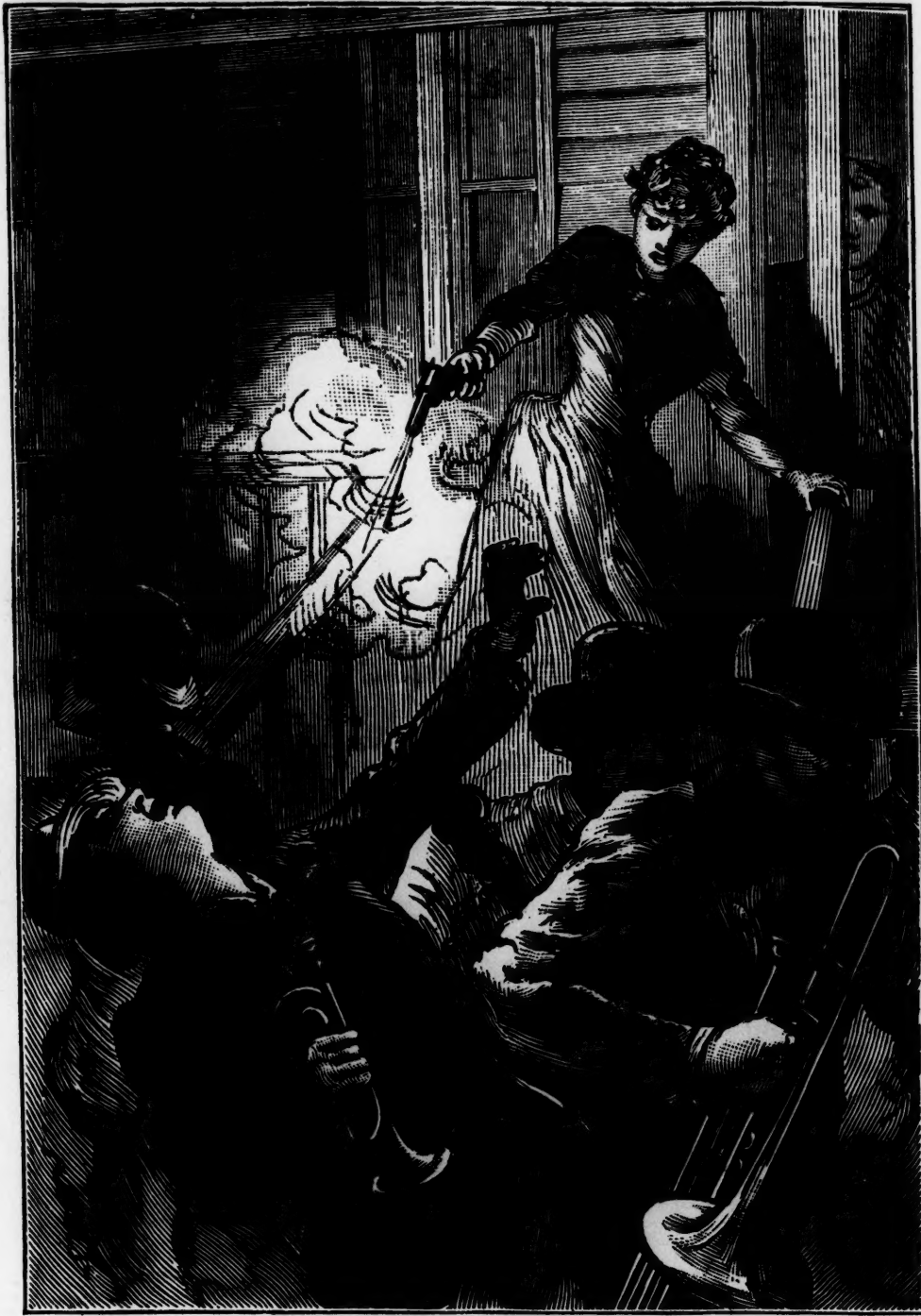
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W. J. Judd, of Judd's Magic Repository, 98 John St., N. Y. City, says: "I am satisfied that the POLICE GAZETTE, as an advertising medium, is better and safer than ninety-nine per cent. of all other papers put together."





ROBBED IN A PULLMAN CAR;  
CONDUCTOR TOWNE'S MIDNIGHT ENCOUNTER WITH TWO MASKED BURGLARS NEAR  
NEW BUFFALO, DAKOTA.



A BRIDE'S OUTRAGEOUS ACT.  
THE VERY EFFECTIVE METHOD A NEWLY-WEDDED WIDOW TOOK TO DISPERSE A  
PARTY OF SERENADERS AT APPLETON CITY, MO.



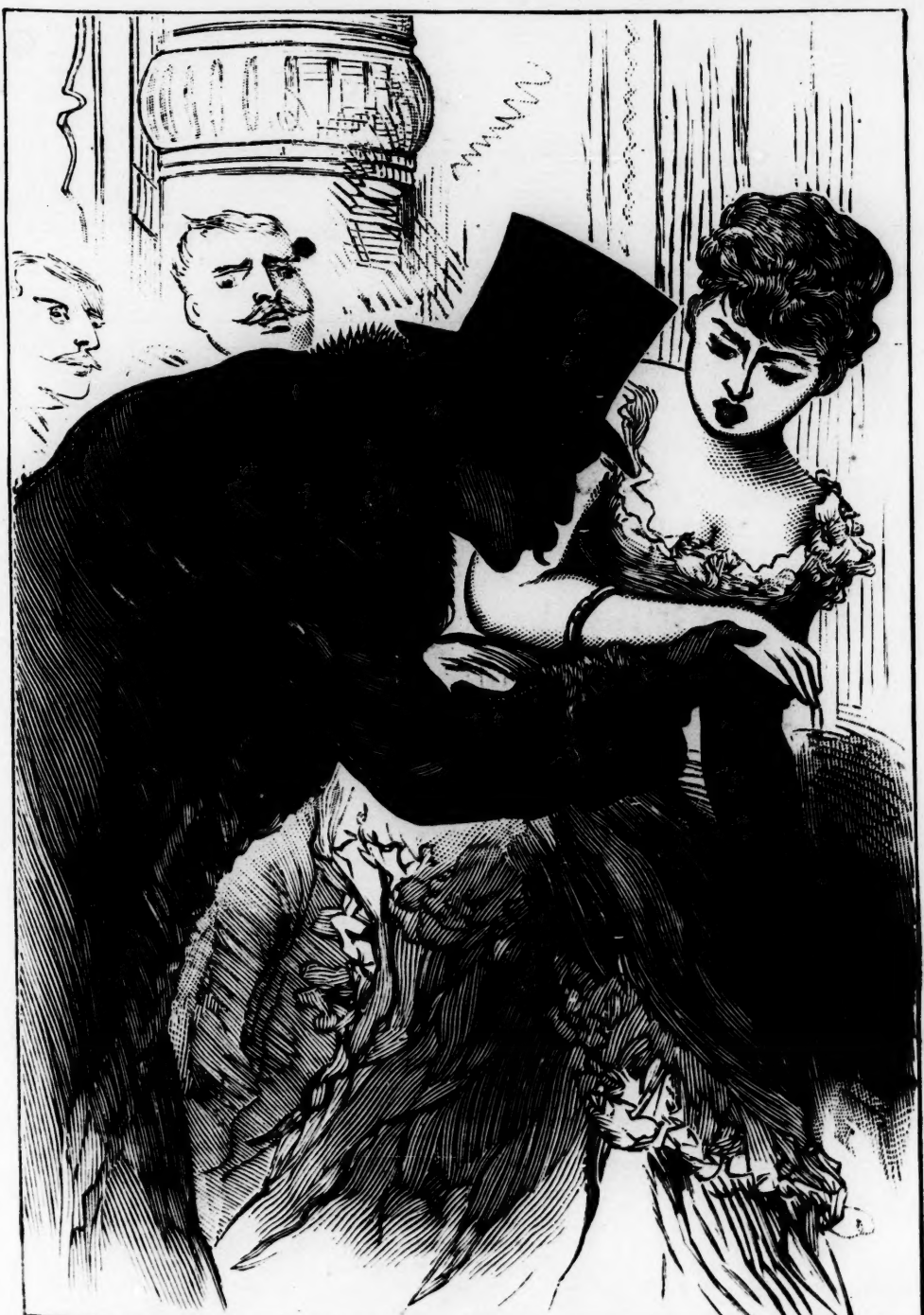
A FEW GAY YOUNG "HENS"  
HAVE A NOVEL RACKET AT OCEAN GROVE, N. J., WHICH IS PRONOUNCED A DECIDED SOCIAL INNOVATION.





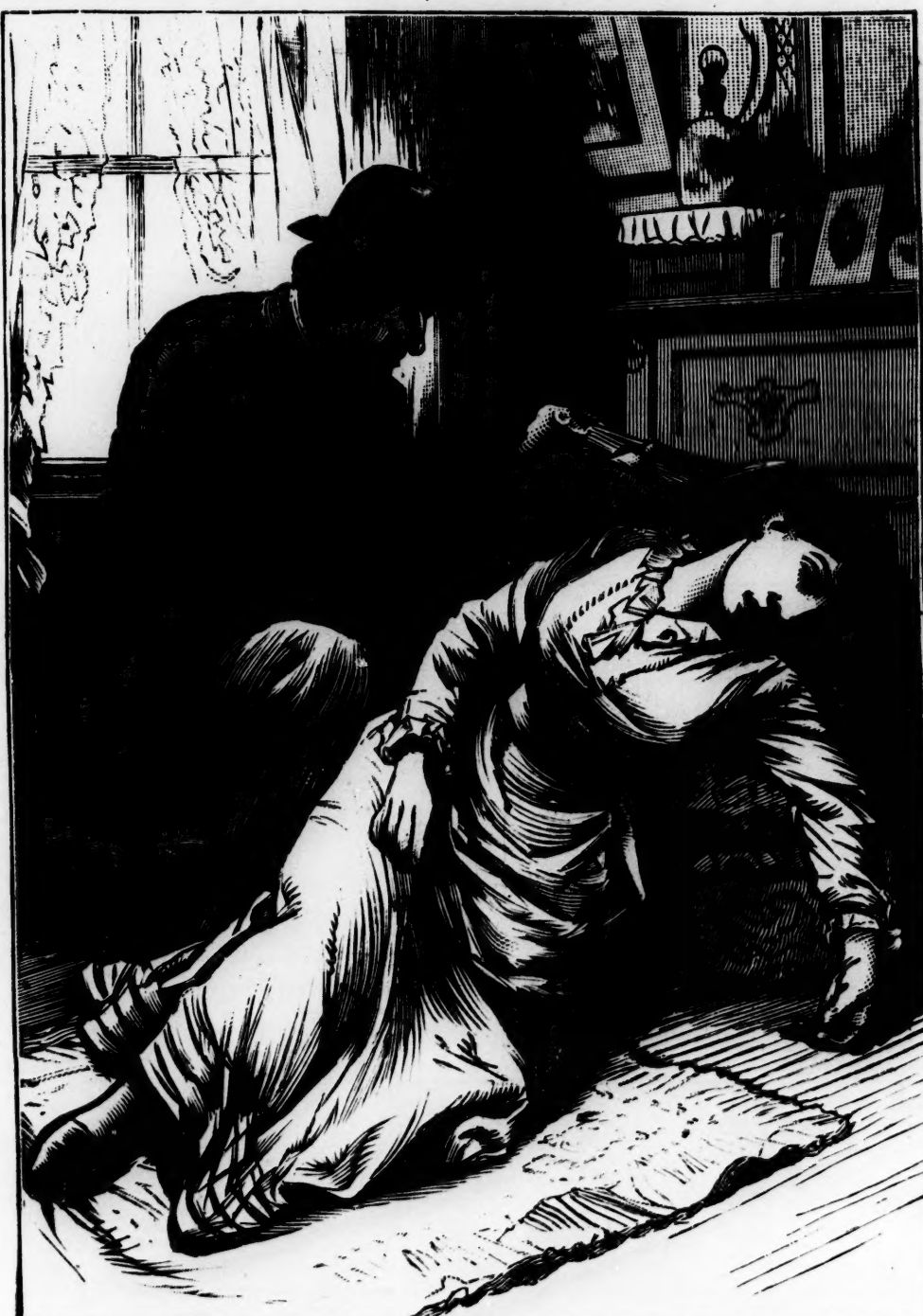
AN ACT NOT ON THE PROGRAMME.

TWO LEADING LADIES IN THE "ERMINIE" TROUPE HAVE A LIVELY LITTLE FRACAS BEHIND THE SCENES AT HARTFORD, CONN., TO SETTLE A DISPUTE.



A BOSTON DRUMMER'S INFATUATION.

HE SUDDENLY APPEARS BEFORE EMMA ABBOTT, THE WELL-KNOWN PRIMA DONNA, BEHIND THE SCENES IN A HARRISBURG, PA., THEATRE.



ROBBED OF HER BEAUTIFUL TRESSES.

A READING, PA., LADY WHO NO LONGER PRIDES HERSELF ON THE WEALTH AND MAGNIFICENCE OF HER HAIR.



**CURE FOR THE DEAF.**  
PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whispers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y.

**Be Wary.**  
Never take a druggist's word who slanders us or our goods. When you get "RIKER'S PREPARATIONS" look out for fraud, as many druggists in New York and vicinity HATE us most cordially and would resort to ANY MEAN TRICK to injure us. You buy all RIKER'S PREPARATIONS with the big guarantee that if they do not suit YOU you get your MONEY BACK at ONCE. Take no one's word against us, but BUY and EXAMINE FOR YOURSELF at once. Please examine our goods CAREFULLY and BE SURE they have not been TAMPERED with before you use them; also see that our TRADE MARK is there. It is easy to counterfeit a label or wrapper, as RIKER'S second-hand bottles are to be had by the thousands and tens of thousands, but they won't try the TRADE-MARK business; they might burn their fingers.

**BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.**  
The "Police Gazette" Standard Book of Rules. Containing rules on Archery, Bagatelle, Bicycle, Billiards, Boat Racing, Bowling, all kinds of Boxing, Club Swimming, Cock Fighting, Cricket, Curling, Four Fighting, Foot Ball, Hand Ball, Lacrosse, Polo, Pool, Quoits, Throwing, Rat Killing, Skating, Skittles, Shooting, Swimming, Sword Fencing, Tossing the Stone, Throwing the Hammer, Tossing the Caber, Wrestling, Running, Wheelbarrow, and all kinds of Walking.  
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Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to your address on receipt of 25 cents. Address: RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

#### OUTRAGED BY CHINAMEN.

Pretty sixteen-year-old Flora McAniff, who lies in a critical condition at her home in Cherry street, this city from pelvic peritonitis, has been the victim of a most revolting crime, perpetrated by Mongolian fiends. The girl, who is pretty and well developed for her age, has been ailing for some time, but would not tell her troubles until she knew she was dying. She said she became acquainted with Ah Kop in Ah Hen's laundry about six months ago, when she went to get her cousin's washing. The wretch gave her presents and induced her to visit the place frequently. Later she met other Chinamen, who taught her to smoke opium, and finally made her a slave to its use. Then they accomplished their terrible purposes and wrecked her young life. Other Celestials are accused by the girl as accomplices in her ruin. Ah Hen was recently arrested for inveigling young girls to his den.

#### HORSEWHIPPED A SPORTING WRITER.

Charles C. Gribbin, whose contributions to turf literature over the nom de plume of "Con Cregan" have attracted considerable attention, was horsewhipped at Lexington, Ky., a few nights ago, by Miss Mary Diven. Miss Diven claims that Gribbin has been persecuting her by following her about. The other night the lady got on a street car and was followed by Gribbin. Riding to the end of the line, Miss Diven got off the front of the car, and, picking up the driver's whip, attacked Gribbin, lashing him over the head. Gribbin is a married man about thirty years old.

#### JEWELRY.

### 50 VALUABLE PRESENTS

Including Solid Gold Watches, Genuine Diamond and Pearl Rings.

To circulate our LIST OF POPULAR STANDARD BOOKS, we make the following **GRAND OFFER**: For the first correct solution of the above Riddle received before May 15th, we will give a **Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch and Chain** (lady's or gentleman's) worth \$10.00 for second correct solution a **Genuine Diamond Ring** worth \$75.00; for the third a **Solid Gold Watch and Chain** worth \$5.00; for the fourth, a **Genuine Pearl Ring** worth \$25.00; and for each of the next forty-six an **Elegant Chateaufort Silver-Nickel Watch**, all stem-winding and setting.

With your answer send thirteen 2-cent stamps (26 cts) for which we will send you our List of Popular Standard Books and THE GEM VARIETY BOX, containing the Games (with full directions) of Nine Men Morris, Fox and Geese, Backgammon, Forfeits, Checkers, Chess, and Gammon; 50 Embroidery Designs; over 200 Select Album Vases; Interesting Bible Facts; 19 Parlor Games; the Deaf and Dumb Alphabet; the Telegraph Alphabet; Six Rare Puzzles; the Age and Fortune Telling Tables; 50 choice Conundrums; and many other amusing and instructive articles. This box is sure to please, but should any purchaser be dissatisfied we will take it back and refund the 26 cents. The above offer not good after May 15th. In answer give your full name and address. Address: CURTIS BOOK CONCERN, NEW YORK, N. Y.

#### SHOT BY HIS BROTHER.

Charles Holton, son of the wealthy and prominent furniture dealer of Chicago, was recently shot and fatally wounded by his brother, Ethan Allen Holton. Charlie is nineteen years of age and Ethan sixteen. Since the Snell murder Charlie Holton bought a dark lantern and revolver, keeping the latter under his pillow. While the boys were dressing one morning Ethan picked up the weapon and pointing it playfully at Charlie, exclaimed: "You are a dead man." The revolver happened to be at full cock, the hammer fell and Charlie fell to the floor with a bullet in his breast. Physicians say he can not live.

#### JEWELRY.

### GOLD WATCH FREE



To the first person who will give us the correct solution of the above Riddle in three words, we will present an **Elegant Solitaire Diamond Ring** worth \$75.00; to the second a **Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch and Chain** worth \$5.00; to the third a **Solid Gold Chateaufort Watch and Chain** worth \$25.00; to each of the next ten a **Silver-Nickel Watch**, all stem-winding and setting, and warranted. With your answer send 25c. (stamps or cash) for three months' trial subscription to the "SUNNYSIDE" (the old favorite \$1.00 a year family monthly, established in 1867), and we will present you, absolutely free, our **Grand 25-cent Combination Package**, containing seven packs of fun-making cards and a variety of games, (Chess, Checkers, &c.) puzzles, &c., too numerous to describe, but all interesting and instructive. It is a genuine Box of Fun, delighting everybody, and has never been sold for less than 25c. This liberal offer is made to induce our Paper into new homes and is limited to June 15th. To be sure of the Riddle contest will be published in the June "SUNNYSIDE." Conn. Novelty Co., New Haven, Conn.

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**UNCOVERED.** We will print your name and address in American Agents' Directory, for only 12 cents in postage stamps; you will then receive great numbers of pictures, cards, catalogues, books, sample works of art, circulars, magazines, papers, general samples, etc., etc. UNCOVERED to you the great field of the great employment and agency business. Those whose names are in this Directory often receive that which if purchased, would cost \$20 or \$30 cash. Thousands of men and women make large sums of money in the agency business. The great bargains of dollars, worth of goods are yearly sold through agents. This Directory is sought and used by the leading publishers, booksellers, novelty dealers, inventors and manufacturers of the United States and Europe. It is regarded as the standard Agency Directory of the world and is relied upon; a harvest awaits all whose names appear in it. Those whose names are in it will keep posted on all the new money making things that come out, while literature will flow to them in a steady stream. The great bargains of the most reliable firms will be put before all. Agents make money in their own localities. Agents make money traveling all around. Some agents make over ten thousand dollars a year. All depends on what the agent has to sell. Few there are who know about the business of those who employ agents; those who have this information make big money easily; those whose names are in this Directory get this information free and complete. This Directory is used by all first-class firms, all over the world, who employ agents. Over 100 such firms use it. Your name in this directory will bring you in great information and large value; thousands will through it be led to profitable work, and FORTUNE. Reader, the very best small investment you can make is to have your name and address printed in this directory. Address: AMERICAN AGENTS' DIRECTORY, Augusta, Maine.

**WANTED** An active Man or Woman in every county to sell our goods. Salary \$75 per Month and Expenses. Canvassing outfit and Particulars FREE. STANDARD SILVER-WARE CO., Boston, Mass.

**\$5 to \$8 a day.** Samples worth \$1.50. FREE. Live and hunt the horses feet. Write: LAWYER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

Diseases of men a specialty. Moderate charges and honorable treatment. Address or call on N. E. Medical Institute, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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**NO MORE SMALL-POX MARKS.**  
**YOUTH AND BEAUTY**  
CAN ONLY BE OBTAINED BY USING  
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It is the only preparation in the world **WARRANTED** to cure and eradicate all wrinkles of the face, such as FINE WRINKLES, SLENDER WRINKLES, WRINKLES OF THE EYES, WRINKLES OF THE MOUTH, WRINKLES OF THE FOREHEAD, WRINKLES OF THE NOSE, WRINKLES OF THE CHIN, WRINKLES OF THE NECK, WRINKLES OF THE WRIST, WRINKLES OF THE HANDS, WRINKLES OF THE FEET, WRINKLES OF THE THROAT, WRINKLES OF THE CHEST, WRINKLES OF THE BACK, WRINKLES OF THE BUTTOCKS, WRINKLES OF THE LEGS, WRINKLES OF THE ANKLES, WRINKLES OF THE TOES, WRINKLES OF THE FINGERS, WRINKLES OF THE THUMB, WRINKLES OF THE INDEX, WRINKLES OF THE MIDDLE, WRINKLES OF THE RING, WRINKLES OF THE PINKY, WRINKLES OF THE LITTLE, WRINKLES OF THE WRIST, WRINKLES OF THE HAND, WRINKLES OF THE FOOT, WRINKLES OF THE HEEL, WRINKLES OF THE TOE, WRINKLES OF THE FINGER, WRINKLES OF THE THUMB, WRINKLES OF THE INDEX, WRINKLES OF THE MIDDLE, WRINKLES OF THE RING, WRINKLES OF THE PINKY, WRINKLES OF THE LITTLE, WRINKLES OF THE WRIST, WRINKLES OF THE HAND, 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Monkey, Deer, Men—Queer Goods, four sizes. One, Two, Five, Ten, (50) mixed sizes (\$15) sample, size ten, \$2.50; 5, \$1.25; 2, 75c.; 1, 40c. C. A. LEAZER, Sedalia, Mo.

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**BE YOUR OWN PHYSICIAN!**

Many men, from the effects of youthful imprudence, have brought about a state of weakness that has reduced the general system so much as to induce almost every other disease, and the real cause of the trouble scarcely ever being suspected, they are doctored for everything but the right one. Notwithstanding the many valuable remedies that medical science has produced for the relief of this class of patients, none of the ordinary modes of treatment effect a cure. During our extensive college and hospital practice we have experimented with and discovered new and concentrated remedies. The accompanying prescription is offered as a certain and speedy cure, as hundreds of cases in our practice have been restored to perfect health by its use after all other remedies failed. Perfectly pure ingredients must be used in the preparation of this prescription.

**R—Erythroxylon coca, 1/4 drachm.**  
**Jerubebim, 1/4 drachm.**  
**Helonias Dioica, 1/4 drachm.**  
**Gelsemium, 8 grains.**  
**Ext. ignatie amarae (alcoholic), 2 grains.**  
**Ext. leptandra, 2 scruples.**  
**Glycerin, q. s.**  
**Mix.**  
Take 60 pills. Take one pill at 3 p. m., and another on going to bed. In some cases it will be necessary for the patient to take two pills at bedtime, making the number three a day. This remedy is adapted to every condition of nervous debility and weakness in either sex, and especially in those cases resulting from imprudence. The recuperative powers of this restorative are truly astonishing, and its use continued for a short time changes the languid, debilitated, nerveless condition to one of renewed life and vigor. As we are constantly in receipt of letters of inquiry relative to this remedy, we would say to those who would prefer to obtain it from us, by remitting \$1, a securely sealed package containing 60 pills, carefully compounded, will be sent by return mail from our private laboratory, or we will furnish 6 packages, which will cure most cases, for \$5.  
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**NEW ENGLAND MEDICAL INSTITUTE,**  
24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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Lost Vigor and Manhood Restored. Premature Decline and Functional Disorders cured without Stomach Medicines. Sealed Treatise sent free upon application.  
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Strongest Invigorant known. Cure Nervous Debility and restore Lost Vigor in 5 days. Price by mail, \$1.  
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Knight's (English) Steel and Pennyroyal Pills are safe, effectual and the only genuine. Sent to any address on receipt of \$1.00 in stamps by **ALFRED P. KNIGHT, Druggist, 330 State St., Chicago, Ill.**

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YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION (self-abuse or excess) results in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SLEEPING BEFORE THE EYES, DEFECTIVE SENSE, HEARING AND TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION, NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC.

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Fully explains the only successful method of enlarging undeveloped or shrunken organs; also, the quickest, surest cure for "lost manhood," general and sexual debility and decay. The effects of early errors and later excesses, weakness of mind and body, vital losses, nervousness, partial or total impotence, etc., cured, "to stay cured." Every condition of robust and noble manhood completely restored, unless beyond human aid. Remember, the only mode of curing shrunken and dwarfed external organs, ("Spot" the big and little imitators East and West.) To readers of the POLICE GAZETTE the above little book will be mailed (sealed) free if applied for at once. Address **THE ERIC MEDICAL CO.,** corner Main and Swan streets, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Positively and Permanently Restored in 2 to 10 days, effects in 24 hours; almost immediate relief. No nauseating drugs, minerals, pills or poisons, but the delicious **MEXICAN CONFECTION**, composed of fruits, herbs and plants. The most powerful tonic known. Restores the Vigor, Snap and Health of youth. Sealed Book free. Full particulars. Address **SAN MATEO MED. CO., P. O. Box 481, St. Louis, Mo.**

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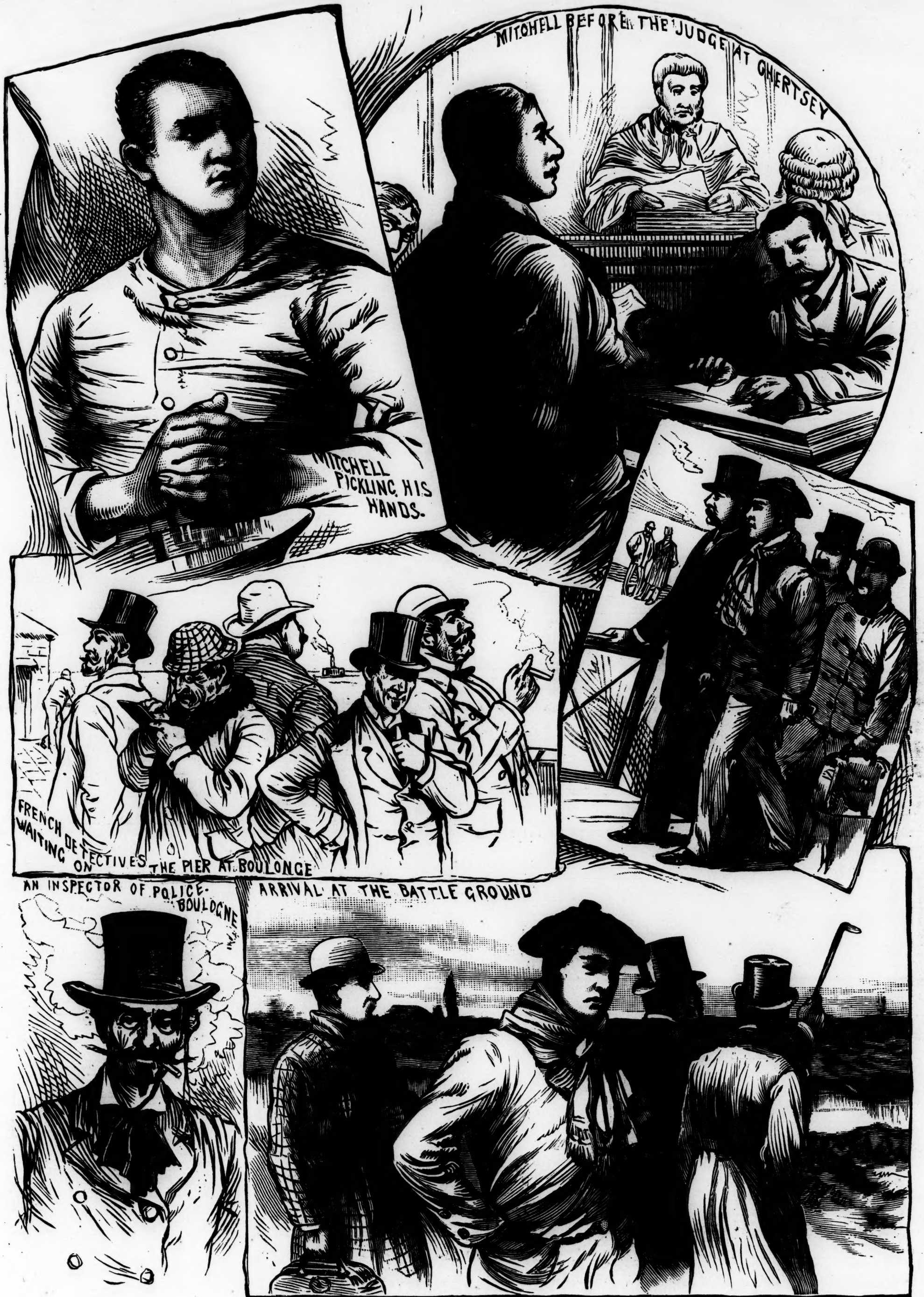
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